The Literary Digest

NEW YORK, SEPTEMBER 26, 1931

TOPICS OF THE DAY

India's Frail Warrior Versus the British Empire

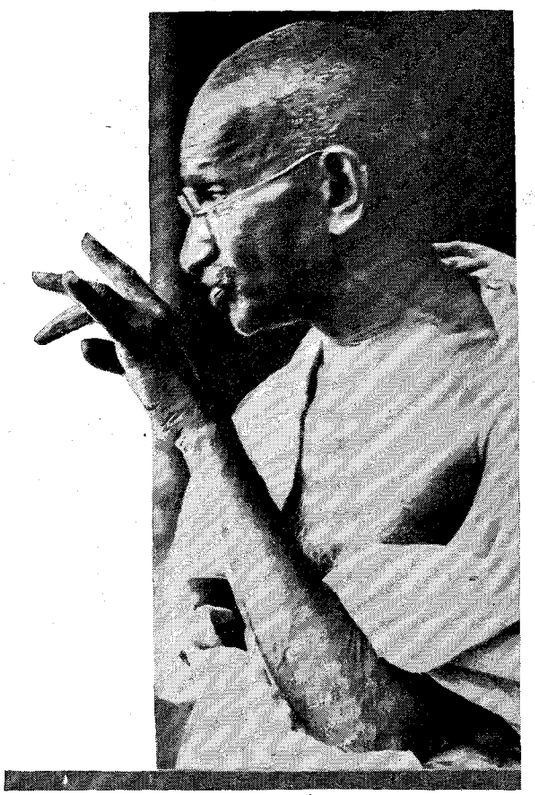
THIS SCRAWNY, HALF-NAKED LITTLE MAN who holds the fate of 350,000,000 people in his frail hand "grinned through his two teeth" at the group of British statesmen and his eyes flashed behind his heavy-lensed spectacles.

But he said nothing. England and, indeed, all the world, was waiting for him to speak, on a problem involving the destiny of perhaps half the human race. But this was Mahatma Gandhi's weekly day of silence, and he would say nothing. England could wait.

He "squatted down in his coarse rags beside some of London's ablest statesmen — immaculately tailored all of them—at the first meeting of the resumed India Round Table Conference at St. James's Palace," writes William Shirer, correspondent of the Chicago *Tribune*, and he listened carefully to all that they had to say. Now and then, as the oratory rolled, he sipped goat's milk from an American-made vacuum bottle.

ALTHO London's East End tittered when the bare-legged Mahatma, clad only in loin-cloth, shawl, and sandals, with his spinning wheel, pots, and pans, appeared in its midst, as the Associated Press notes, the British Government regards him with enormous seriousness.

"This conference will witness one of the shrewdest battles of political wits since her far-flung colonies started to fight shy of the British Empire," Mr. Shirer adds—



Acme

The "Great Soul" Who Challenges Britain, Mahatma Gandhi

"The game is really simple, one of Gandhi's closest associates, himself a prominent member of the conference, explained. Only the manner of the game is subtle, very subtle, it seems.

"It is this:

"Gandhi has come here to explain the minimum demand it is in his power to ask, as authorized by the All-India Nationalist Congress.

"That minimum demand is undiluted self-government. If the British Government is unable to grant such a demand, Gandhi wants to know, and the sooner the better. He is getting along in years, and if Britain does not intend to grant his 'independence or nothing' platform, as he suspects, he wants to launch his revolution anew while he is still able to direct it.

"In other words, Gandhi wants to know how far Britain is prepared to go on fundamentals. If there is an agreement in the big things—undiluted self-government—Gandhi is ready to return to his spinning and let younger minds work out the details."

AND so, the eyes of the world are upon Gandhi—"beggar," as he calls himself and spokesman for India's "dumb, half-starved millions"; author of India's civil disobedience campaign that wrung concessions from England, and sponsor of India's boycott on foreign goods that closed dozens of English cotton mills. He lives on goat's milk, fruit, and nuts. To his followers he sets an example by spinning cloth every day. "The greatest leader in the world to-day," as he is called by many observers, he slept on a wooden bench on the ship that brought him from India, sharing it with the ship's cat.

OF the Round Table Conference which the Mahatma ("Great Soul") dominates, Alleyne Ireland, writing in the New York *Herald Tribune*, asserts that "it is impossible to exaggerate the importance of these gatherings or to overestimate their significance for the world at large." And he tells us why—

"Should the conference fail to agree upon a plan acceptable alike to the British sense of responsibility and to Indian sentiment, and at the same time practicable as a working system for Indian administration, a situation would arise pregnant with the most sinister possibilities.

"Those most immediately concerned in the issues at stake are the 351,000,000 people who live in India; scarcely less interested are the 100,000,000 British subjects resident in every quarter of the globe—in all about one person in every five now living on this planet.

"Account must also be taken of the populations of those countries bordering on India, whose domestic and foreign affairs would be profoundly affected by any revolutionary change in the international conditions of the Great Peninsula.

"Thus envisaged it is seen that nearly half of the human race must fall under the influence of the forces which will be liberated by the success or by the failure of the London conference.

"The problem which faces the delegates is, in magnitude and in complexity, wholly without precedent in human experience."

"IF I want freedom for India," said Gandhi, when finally he spoke at the conference, "it is for India as a valued partner of Great Britain, not held by force but by the silken cord of love."

"Coupled with the demand," writes Morris Gilbert, London correspondent of the New York *Evening Post*, "was the forceful but always velvety insinuation that such a development might have enormous effect upon Great Britain's economic situation now and in the future."

Picturing the Anglo-Indian relationship he sought, Gandhi said:

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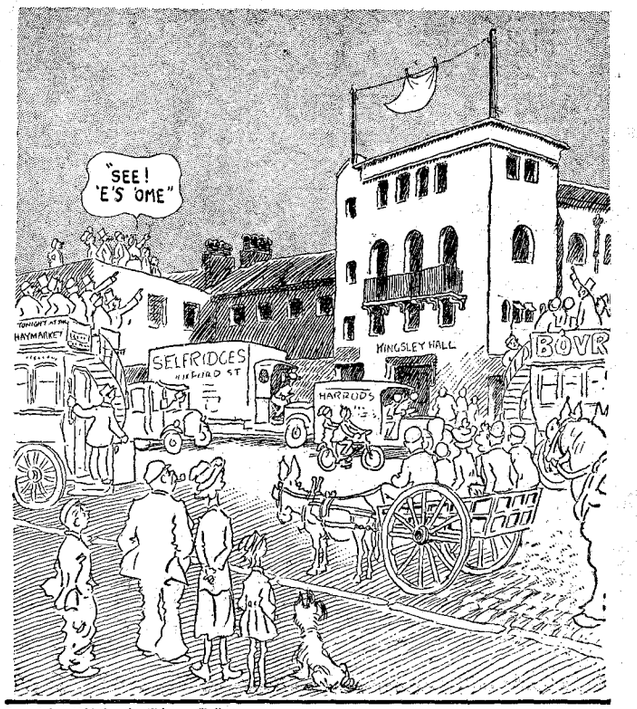
The Strong Man From India

—Shoemaker in the Chicago "Daily News."



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Gandhi in London

—McCutcheon in the Chicago "Tribune."

OBSERVED OF ALL OBSERVERS

"If we are intent upon completing our independence, it is not from any sense of arrogance.

"It is not because we want to parade before the universe that we now are severed from all connection with the British people. On the contrary, you will find in the mandate that the congress contemplates a partnership.

"The congress contemplates a connection with the British people, but that connection is to be such as should exist between two absolutely free peoples.

"The time was when I prided myself on being, and being called, a British subject. I have ceased for many years to call myself a British subject.

"I should far rather be called a rebel than a subject, but I have aspired, and still aspire, to be a citizen, not in an empire, but in a commonwealth, in a partnership, if possible, and, if God wills it, an indissoluble partnership, not a partnership superimposed upon one nation by another.

"Hence, you will find that the congress claims that either party should have the right to sever connections and to dissolve the partnership.

"I do not for one moment minimize the ability of Great Britain to hold India under subjection with the sword. But which leads to the prosperity of Great Britain and to the economic freedom of Great Britain—an enslaved, but rebellious, India, or an India as an esteemed partner with Great Britain?"

AGAIN, the Mahatma had brought along his bottle of goat's milk, together with a basket of dates. In the morning, entering the palace by a rear door, he became lost, and had to be escorted to the conference chamber by an attendant.

Repeatedly, the press dispatches about this Indian leader remind the reader of his vast power, his great humility, and his asceticism. Just before the conference he told the Associated Press correspondent at Marseilles that England's refusal to grant India independence would mean the renewal of the civil disobedience campaign and the boycott of British goods on a scale greater than ever before. As this correspondent quotes him:

"If the fight should be renewed, which God forbid, the consequences will be infinitely more terrible than the last struggle. It will mean, I fear, that not only Indians would be shot down but Britishers will be killed. You can not hold 360,000,000 people without liberty in the leashes of non-violence forever."

Making his first radio speech soon after his arrival in London, the Mahatma told millions of Americans in a soft, deliberate voice about India's revolution by non-violence, and appealed for world cooperation.

"In my opinion," said the Mahatma, "the Indian struggle bears in its consequences not only upon India but upon the whole world." Telling about the campaign of non-violence, he said that "we in India feel that the law that governs brute creation is not the law that should guide the human race." And:

"I, personally, would wait, if need be, for ages rather than seek to attain the freedom of my country through bloody means.

"I feel in the innermost recesses of my heart, after a political experience extending over an unbroken period of close upon thirty-five years, that the world is sick unto death of blood-spilling. The world is seeking a way out, and I flatter myself with the belief that perhaps it will be the privilege of the ancient land of India to show that way out to the hungering world.

"I have, therefore, no hesitation whatsoever in inviting all the great nations of the earth in giving their hearty cooperation to India in her mighty struggle."

THE Mahatma's radio address appears to have aroused wide interest in the United States, and the mass of the editorial comment is laudatory.

"With all his goat's milk and loin cloths and hand looms and inner voices," declares the Macon *Telegraph*, "there shines out from Gandhi the leading spirit of the world."

"After listening to his calm avowal of faith in the weapons of the spirit as stronger than physical force," says the New York *World-Telegram*, "it is not difficult, even for Occidentals, to understand his unique control of the semi-starved millions of India." And this paper thinks "that Great Britain, with all her fighting ships and men, can much longer subject India to alien rule does not seem probable." Then:

"But Mr. Gandhi is challenging more than British despotism. He is challenging the whole western machine civilization. And of that machine civilization the United States is the best—or worst, as Mr. Gandhi would say—example.

"If Western civilization digs its own grave with destructive competition and wars, maybe another century may see some Gandhian or Christian reign of peace and non-resistance sovereign over the world. Who knows?"

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International

A Street in Wave-Swept, Hurricane-Shattered Belize

With survivors trying to locate lost families and to salvage their property.

The Belize Hurricane Horror

IT WAS A STILL, hot afternoon, but old Belize, the quaint, sleepy capital of British Honduras, had summoned its energies for a celebration—the 133d anniversary of its independence from Spain.

School-children drest in their best filled the streets, ready to parade with flags and music, and, despite the beating sunshine, the little city of 16,000 was in festive mood.

Off in the Caribbean, every one knew, a hurricane was lashing its ferocious way toward land. But what of that? Hurricanes often blew around the Caribbean every year, but they never reached Belize. The city was not in their path; it was immune. For generations, we read, it had been a tradition that no hurricane would ever strike Belize.

Then came the horror—the swift triple horror of wind, tidal wave, and fire.

Pouncing on the town even before the children could be hurried from the streets, the hurricane screamed and smashed with 150-mile velocity.

For three hours it hammered and raged, killing and demolishing, except for a weird half-hour lull when the town was in the core of the vortex.

Then it was gone, an insane monster rushing off to new destruction.

But a new horror was at hand. As the hurricane passed, a wall of water wrenched from the sea by the suction of the wind crashed down on Belize, sprawling helpless on swampland only a foot above sea-level. Engulfing the town, the wave filled the streets five to sixteen feet deep, heaving vessels high on the land, bowling over buildings and dragging back to sea houses and churches, many of the tornado dead and many who had survived it.

IN three hours the sleepy capital had been transformed into a mass of ruins, the press dispatches tell us. Hardly a building was left undamaged. Whole blocks were wiped out, with a money loss of millions. More than 850 were known to be dead, altho estimates ran as high as 2,000, and the actual total may never be ascertained. Hundreds were injured.

The Belize River was full of bodies, wrecked boats, and débris. Eleven Jesuit priests, Americans, and twenty students at St. John's College were among those killed. Five Honduran vessels were sunk with a reported loss of forty-five lives. The masts of small craft, sunk in shallow water, dotted the bay. A 200-ton dredge, says an Associated Press dispatch, rested on what had been the roof of the customs landing shed.

BELIZE lay shattered in its swampland when a mail airplane swept over it in the wake of the gale.

"Not a building is undamaged and the entire town is washed out," reported the pilot, E. S. Rodenbaugh, to the Pan-American Airways. "The houses of this formerly tranquil capital are piled up like so many toys."

As the United States, Great Britain, and other countries rushed aid by ship and plane, the surviving population of Belize set about the task of preventing still other horrors—food riots, a water famine, and epidemics.

To dispose of the hundreds of dead, city prisoners were put to work digging graves. But the job was too great for them, and two days after the hurricane, to prevent disease, "scores of bodies were burned on five vast funeral pyres almost in the center of the devasted city," says an Associated Press dispatch. For days the fires were kept roaring as additional corpses were recovered. In a church which had collapsed, 150 bodies were found, we read, and they were hurriedly placed upon the pyres without ceremony.

Soldiers and later United States Marines patrolled the streets, fought fires that broke out in the suburbs, and set fires in other places to clear the ground. Several minor food riots were nipt.

AMERICAN sympathy for the sufferers of Belize finds expression in scores of editorials, some of which suggest ways to ameliorate such tragedies. For instance, the Albany *Knickerbocker Press*:

"This latest natural catastrophe so closely duplicates similar ones as to the date of its occurrence that it would seem practicable to take definite steps in future years in anticipation of recurrences.

"Organizations on which must fall the task of carrying relief could do well to hold themselves in readiness each year, from the opening of September for several weeks thereafter."

"It was the tidal inrush of the sea which took most of the lives lost in the Belize horror," observes the Hartford *Times*. "It had no sea wall. Neither had Santo Domingo in its affliction of a year ago. The moral is obvious, if low-lying towns in the hurricane regions desire to forestall catastrophe."

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Dramatizing Disarmament

WILL IT END AS TRAGEDY OR FARCE? No one will know until the curtain falls on the long-heralded world disarmament conference of some fifty nations, which is to convene in Geneva next February 2.

But already the plot thickens, the stage is being set, the overture is being played—not without discords, and, as the Baltimore *Sun* reminds us, the issues dramatized.

There can be no doubt that it is a world drama which is being enacted—with a cast of characters that includes every human being of this globe, since upon it depends the whole future of civilization, as editors here and abroad point out.

Here is how these issues are dramatized:

Viscount Cecil of Chelwood points out, in articles published in American newspapers, that the world's total bill for armaments is to-day more than three billion, five hundred million dollars a year. He urges the reduction of this colossal sum by at least a quarter.

Prosperity, claims Viscount Cecil, can not return until armaments are reduced.

Secretary Stimson reports to President Hoover the success of his disarmament mission in Europe.

Mr. Paul-Boncour, of the French Foreign Affairs Committee, proposes putting the armed forces of the world under the control of the League. "Ridiculous!" exclaim our editors.

Time for a Rest

—Fitzpatrick in the St. Louis "Post-Dispatch."

DYNAMIC Dino Grandi, Italy's thirty-one-year-old Foreign Minister, stands up before the Assembly of the League of Nations, and calls for an immediate disarmament holiday, by the suspension of naval building programs until the conference meets next February.

Senator Borah (Rep., Idaho) proposes a five-year holiday in naval building as the most effective remedy for present world economic distress. Brickbats and bouquets from press and politicians follow.

Immediately thereafter the Navy Department publishes tables which indicate that not one of the five chief naval Powers is building up to the limits of naval construction permissible under the London Naval Armament Treaty of 1930—and that the United States is lagging far behind them all in naval construction! Our country, it seems, is practically enjoying a "naval holiday" all its own without realizing it.

Then Briand voices in Geneva the official French stand—"juridical guaranties and sanctions of security."

But proposal is easier than accomplishment, the Baltimore *Sun* sagely points out; and the reduction of armaments is a matter of long and complicated negotiation, as our own experience has demonstrated.

Already the situation is too involved to add the further complications of the Grandi and Borah proposals.

As the drama appears to William Philip Simms, Scripps-Howard foreign editor, these statements are "like flashes of lightning in a black night," revealing "how well-nigh hopeless it is to expect arms reduction at the 1932 conference." Mr. Simms writes in the New York *World-Telegram:*

"In Europe, it is contended, the violator of the Kellogg pact automatically becomes, in effect, an outlaw State, and should be boycotted, at the very least, by the other signatories.

"Unless something of the kind is agreed upon at or before the 1932 conference, there will be no arms reduction. On this European observers are agreed.

"Without some such understanding, France, for one, would certainly not reduce her armaments, and France is now the key to the whole thing. The world would seem to have reached an impasse five months before the parley begins.'

THE American press divides sharply into two opposing camps — those papers which believe that because disarmament is imperative for the economic well-being of the world, it can and must be attained; and those who demand national security as the first prerequisite of peace.

In the first group we discover the Scripps-Howard chain—headed by the Washington *News* and the New York *World-Telegram*—the St. Paul *Pioneer Press*, the Schenectady *Union-Star*, *The Christian Science Monitor*, and a group of those dailies with liberal and idealistic traditions. Other organs, no less liberal and independent, are, nevertheless, pessimistic concerning the last act of the disarmament drama.

Agreeing with Mr. Simms that France holds the key of the situation, the Washington *Evening Star* points out:

"The France which, in the Austro-German Anschluss affair, has just won the most notable diplomatic victory in post-war Europe, and the France which all summer long has been dictating financial terms to the old world, even to proud Great Britain, is not easily to be cajoled into any disarmament bargain that does not safeguard French security.

"It is all very well for disarmament idealists to hanker for the millennium. Unfortunately, the world is saturated with difficulties and differences that will somehow have to be surmounted before progress toward that gleaming goal is possible. If Grover Cleveland were alive he would discover another set of circumstances in which men are confronted by 'conditions' and not 'theories.'"

PAPERS like the Chicago *Tribune*, the Cincinnati *Enquirer*, the New York *Journal of Commerce*, and *Times* are among conservative metropolitan dailies skeptical of the various disarmament proposals. This comment of *The Herald Tribune* is typical:

"In spite of Senator Borah's statement that the cost is 'terrific,' the annual cost of the Navy is something less than 3 per cent. of the total expenditure on government in general.

"Furthermore, the United States has virtually had a naval holiday of its own in the last decade, based on the theory that other nations 'would follow its example.'

"The present state of the world seems to have demonstrated that nations, whatever their virtues, do not act that way.

"Instead of following our 'moral leadership,' Japan and Great Britain are within 2 per cent. of the London treaty limit of naval strength, whereas the United States is about 15 per cent. below it."

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Smashing the Rings That Bootleg Aliens

WHEN A "RAT" SMUGGLES an automobile-load of "snakes" and "reptiles" into the United States, the charge is anywhere from $200 to $5,000 each. And if they thrive after arriving here, they are subject to further heavy levies.

Such terminology may be confusing until one reads the Associated Press's explanation that a "snake," in the lingo of the smuggling rings, is a young immigrant, and a "reptile" an older one. A "rat" is an underling of the ring.

So profitable is this "snake" business that one gang, recently exposed and now being prosecuted by the Government, is said to have rolled up a total of $20,000,000 by smuggling in 8,000 aliens. Not only are foreigners forced to pay heavily for being brought here, by boat, automobile, or airplane, but, once here, they are blackmailed mercilessly on threat of exposure to the authorities and consequent deportation.

The ring that harvested $20,000,000 had all the efficiency of a chain-store system, it is disclosed. Forged passports and certificates of naturalization often were used, and three government clerks and several lawyers are said to be involved.

A melodramatic touch is added to the story by the statements of two Roumanian girls, smuggled in by the ring, who said they were warned that their eyes would be put out if they revealed the manner of their entry.

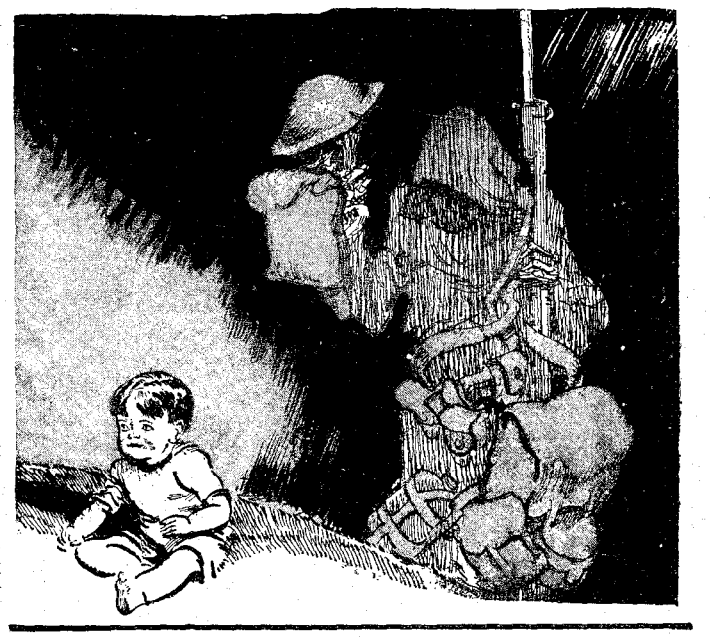
SHORTLY before this, members of another gang were seized, we read in the New York *Herald Tribune*. Among them were eleven government clerks and steamship agents "arrested as members of a forged entry permit ring responsible, according to Secretary of Labor Doak, for 100,000 aliens illegally entering the United States during the last ten years. With the smashing of the two gangs, authorities anticipate a letdown in the business of bootlegging immigrants."

How the rings bled their victims is disclosed by Secretary Doak in a radio talk arranged by the Washington *Evening Star:*

"We have found in a number of cases that large sums were extorted from aliens reported to be illegally admitted, and that these racketeers have continued to extort from these same aliens large sums with the threat that they would expose them to the immigration authorities. Our investigators have disclosed that in many instances the people from whom the money has been taken were exceedingly poor. As the price for these aliens to remain here, these racketeers have taken from them everything they have made since they landed on our shore."

Secretary Doak and his aids win the praise of the New York *American* for "performing a distinguished public service in ferreting out and extinguishing the nefarious smuggling racket." But the Baltimore *Sun* remarks that "there is no need to get all worked up over the idea that a band of cutthroat racketeers have been deluging the country with undesirable aliens."

"The situation emphasizes the need for an alien registration law," is the conclusion reached by the Washington *Post*.



Disarmament or—

—From the Glasgow "Times."

A World-Court "Split" Stirs Up Its Foes

FRESH AMMUNITION FOR THE ENEMIES of our adhesion to the World Court has just been furnished by the judges of the World Court themselves.

That is admitted even by the Court's best friends in this country.

The point is that when the Court decided against the Austro-German customs pact it did so by an eight-to-seven vote, and everybody seems to agree that the division was along "political" lines rather than legalistic ones. That is, the judges are credited with voting along the lines of their natural patriotic leanings.

The eight judges who said that the proposed customs union was illegal with respect to the Geneva protocol of 1922 were those representing France, Spain, Italy, Cuba, Salvador, Colombia, Poland, and Roumania. The seven judges who could see no objection were those representing the United States, Germany, Great Britain, China, Japan, Belgium, and Holland. One press writer speaks of it as a Latin bloc vs. a Nordic-Asiatic bloc.

In Geneva there was much concern in League circles lest the decision should provide American opponents of the Court with a new opportunity to exploit their position. And Arthur Krock, writing in the New York *Times*, feels little doubt that the chances of American adhesion have been badly damaged.

ANTI-WORLD COURT Senators insist that now the Court is branded with the word "political." The Hearst papers feel that "even pro-League propagandists in this country" are now convinced "that the League of Nations and its judicial appendage are both dangerous, political enterprises." When vital interests were at stake, observes the Kansas City *Star*, "the Court lined up politically."

That the alinement in the Court represents disinterested juridical difference, only the most gullible could believe, argues the Chicago *Tribune*. It points out that:

"The division of the Court perfectly represents the political cleavage of Europe, the majority opinion dominated by the French policy of restraining the restoration of German influence, and the minority opinion by the governments disposed to assist it within reasonable bounds."

But friends to the Court are by no means dismayed. Admitting that this was a political decision, the New York *Herald Tribune*, Newark *News*, Cincinnati *Enquirer*, and Baltimore *Sun* all feel that the World-Court is still in a formative stage and must grow into independence. On the whole, the opinions the Court has thus far rendered have, in the New York *Evening Post's* opinion, been helpful in the settlement of disputes; "all have been accepted without serious question by the nations involved and the cause of peace has been advanced." All things considered, concludes the Grand Rapids *Herald*, "the incident should not harm chances for Senate ratification of the World Court protocols in December."

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TOPICS IN BRIEF

How to shorten the depression: Pay as you go, and go somewhere.—*Dallas News.*

ALL the business world needs now is a man who can bring orders out of chaos.—*Hagerstown (Md.) Herald.*

THE light that is being carried most extensively into Darkest Africa is the Kleig light.—*Arkansas Gazette.*

THE two American flyers who took pictures of Japanese forts will be punished for California's laws.—*Brooklyn Times.*

ANYWAY, it's worth something for the country to learn that Easy and Wall aren't the same street.—*St. Joseph News-Press.*

WOULDN'T it help the depression some if it could be arranged to have Christmas in October this year?—*Rochester Democrat and Chronicle.*

ONE thing the British can be sure of is that Mahatma Gandhi hasn't a thing up his sleeve.—*Duluth News-Tribune.*

AT last we have a real suggestion for the Federal Farm Board: Make the surplus cotton into sacks to hold the surplus wheat.—*Judge.*

THE Russians give all they make above a bare living to their Government and call it Communism. We do the same and call it taxes.—*Ohio State Journal.*

EVERY once in a while the police announce that they are going to fight crime to a finish. But it is always the fight that finishes first.—*San Diego Union.*

MARK SULLIVAN'S prediction that shoe production will lead prosperity back seems natural. All experts say now that it is coming at a walk.—*Virginian-Pilot.*

HOOVER is going to speak at Yorktown in celebration of the surrender of Lord Cornwallis. It must be pleasant for the President to have something to celebrate.—*Mobile Register.*

AS we understand the bankers, world prosperity depends on the brotherly cooperation of all great nations except Russia.—*Rockford Star.*

Back to Civilization

—Cowan in the Boston "Evening Transcript."

YOU see, a depression is harder to lick than a foreign enemy because there is nobody to hold it while we get ready.—*Lagrange (Ga.) Reporter.*

GOVERNOR ROOSEVELT'S problem is to be dry enough to carry the South at the convention and wet enough to carry the East in the election.—*Publishers Syndicate.*

THERE are savages in Africa so primitive that, according to reports, they will sign up with the first movie explorer who comes along, without waiting for bids from the others.—*Arkansas Gazette.*

THE new Empress Eugénie hats may help to revive the corset and bustle industries, say fashion experts. That ought to pull us out of the depression in pretty good shape, anyway.—*Wichita Beacon.*

AN Austrian breeder has succeeded in developing a lamb without wool, and if some plant wizard would only produce some bald-headed cotton, this textile overproduction thing would practically solve itself.—*Boston Herald.*

MAN, after experimenting for years, has finally discovered that by an ingenious mixture of castor-oil, ethylene, glycol, carbon, hydrogen, and oxygen, he can make a silk fiber almost as good and not more than three times as expensive as the one a Chinese worm has been manufacturing for centuries.—*Detroit News.*

USUALLY a pessimist is a man who financed an optimist.—*Vincennes (Ind.) Sun.*

THE oil wells had to shut down soon or late. There are just so many corners.—*Waterbury American.*

GUESS that debt holiday will end like other holidays—with a lot of new bills owing.—*Florida Times-Union.*

AS we understand the economists, the new problem is how to make the world safe for efficiency.—*Virginian-Pilot.*

ONE trouble with the bride is that she can't help comparing the man she married with the one who got away.—*Dallas News.*

So Germany has developed a substitute for matches. The divorce record indicates that America has one, too.—*Brooklyn Times.*

GIVE us back our 4 per cent. beer and the people will be contented and prosperous—like they are in Germany.—*Judge.*

MR. HOOVER wants to be nominated again, and we believe now that a man can develop a taste for anything.—*Nashville Banner.*

PAYING reparations has been a great strain on Germany. At times she almost failed to borrow enough money.—*Atlantic City Press.*

THE world is having nearly as much difficulty in putting Germany on her feet as it once did putting her on her back.—*Oklahoma City Daily Oklahoman.*

WEARING only a loin-cloth and a blanket, Mahatma Gandhi may feel assured that he looks the way the average British taxpayer feels.—*Chicago Daily News.*

"ONE never sees," writes a feminine columnist, "the old-fashioned grandma who used to hook rugs." Well, maybe her term isn't up yet.—*Boston Herald.*

YOU see, England is poor and must borrow from France because France is too poor to pay what she owes England.—*Dubuque Catholic Tribune.*

ALSO those who think prosperity will never arrive should remember that the same doubt was held concerning the *Do-X.*—*St. Joseph News-Press.*

PICTURE of Mahatma Gandhi in his bright college days shows him in a hard-boiled shirt and gates-ajar collar. And, somehow, it helps to explain his present clothing trend.—*Arkansas Gazette.*

SEVERAL hundred Pottawatomie Indians have gone to law to get a big slice of Chicago which they claim is theirs by right. They had better be careful. They might win the suit.—*Nashville Banner.*

WE don't know whom to feel sorrier for—the King of England, who has given up $250,000 of his $2,600,000 income or the Bethlehem executives who won't receive any more million-dollar bonuses.—*Virginian-Pilot.*

THAT Eskimo who went nutty after looking at a moving-picture was too easy on the trigger. He should have stuck around and read some of the plans to save the cotton farmer if he wanted to go 100 per cent. insane.—*Macon Telegraph.*

THE Seattle *Times* thinks that the old red tablecloths should be used for beach pajamas, and the Vancouver *Daily Province* approves the idea. But something must be left for father to wear if times grow a little worse this winter.—*Portland Oregonian.*

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FOREIGN COMMENT

Britain's Most Ominous Ordeal Since the War

"BEAR US WITNESS—come the world against her, England yet shall stand."

Both a declaration and a challenge rang in these lines from a forgotten ode of Swinburne's, with which Philip Snowden, Chancellor of the Exchequer of Britain's new National Government, finished his fourth Budget speech before the House of Commons—and his last.

The declaration was to all the world that Britain means to pay her way as she goes, and to keep going.

The challenge was to all persons of all classes, in England, to undergo an ordeal of retrenchment and even privation such as they have not known since the grim years of the war.

At sixty-seven, this crippled man, helping his frail, pain-wracked body with two sticks, laid before the country the Nationalist Government's plan for economy and savings. Then, in answer to country-wide protesting clamor against the demands to be made upon the British people, Mr. Snowden told them over the radio how recent withdrawals of British gold affected the value of the pound sterling, and he explained:

"The country did not realize how close to the edge of a precipice it had been. Had the catastrophe happened, it would not have been a question of a 10 per cent. reduction of unemployment benefits.

"Nobody would have been able to tell how far the value of money would have fallen.

"Our industries would have been thrown into chaos, and unemployment would have risen by leaps and bounds.

"We would have seen all the social progress of the last forty years brought to rack and ruin."

"'September Morn,' Did You Say?"

—"The Bulletin" (Glasgow).

BITTER criticism of the new burdens is voiced by some government workers, especially school-teachers. The Secretary of the National Association of School Teachers is quoted in the press as saying about the proposed salary cuts:

"I have never seen the teachers in such a vicious mood as to-day. We already have protested, and we intend to continue our objections until public opinion is aroused."

In considering how the new levies affect persons by and large, a London correspondent of the New York *Times* points out:

"The workless man now living on an unemployment insurance benefit [dole] of $4.25 a week will have to subsist on $3.81.

"The receivers of small wages and salaries who have never paid income tax before must pay now, and, except for slight exemptions varying under different conditions, every receiver of an income up to $10,000 must pay a 25 per cent. tax to the Exchequer.

"Above $10,000 every income will have 10 per cent. added to the already heavy tax.

"A policeman who now gets $23 a week will receive $1.25 less after October 1.

"School-teachers' pay has been reduced 15 per cent.

"The Prime Minister's salary is decreased by $5,000 annually, and the pay of all his Ministers, members of Parliament, judges, and civil servants in all departments is reduced in proportion."

THE King himself is no exception to Britain's drastic new economies. In a letter to Prime Minister J. Ramsay MacDonald, George V declares his desire for a reduction of $243,000 in the annual income paid by the Government to the Crown. London Associated Press dispatches tell us too:

"The Prince of Wales also informed the Prime Minister that he intended to contribute £10,000 ($48,600) to the national funds from his income from the Duchy of Cornwall.

"The King said that all other members of the royal family who receive Parliamentary grants desire cuts in their incomes.

"It is their contribution to Great Britain in the nation's time of financial emergency. The King's reduction is to continue for the duration of the period of stress."

Angry accusations that the new income tax spares the rich, but not the poor, are rife in England. In reply to them Mr. Snowden told the House of Commons that the new rate hits wealthy taxpayers hard, and London press cables advise us:

"He cited this instance: A man forty-five years old, with three children, who is drawing an income of $250,000 from invested capital of $5,000,000, must pay taxes of $141,825.

"If this man wants to insure his capital against estate duty payment on his death, he must pay a premium of $125,700 a year. The premium, added to the tax, is $267,525, or $17,525 more than the man's income.

"In case the taxpayer did not insure his capital against the estate duty, the Government would take more than half his total holdings on his death."

BUT the most startling resentment against the National Government's budget found expression in "a passive mutiny" in the British Navy. For more than twenty-four hours there was a general strike of seamen in the Atlantic fleet, Invergordon (Scotland) press dispatches relate. It was ended when the Admiralty ordered all the ships to their home ports, so grievances over wage reductions might be investigated.

Government officials are said to fear a spread of disaffection to the Army and the police forces, which also are subjected to heavy wage cuts.

A many-sided view of the National Government's drastic decisions is afforded in THE LITERARY DIGEST'S poll by cable of the English and the Scottish press.

Sharpest adverse criticism comes, naturally, from the London *Daily Herald*, a Labor newspaper that formerly supported Prime Minister MacDonald, but has now turned against him and his coalition ministry. This journal declares irately:

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"This country is not bankrupt. Those who have spread abroad the legend that it is, have much to answer for.

"Great Britain remains to-day one of the richest nations of the world. Its budgetary position compares favorably with that of other nations.

"The Snowden budget disclosed the failure to translate into practise the principle of equality of sacrifice promised by the Prime Minister. From the unemployed man with a wife and two children, the Government demands a direct sacrifice of two shillings ninepence a week [66 cents].

"From the man with a similar family and an income of £3,000 [$15,000] a year it demands a direct sacrifice of less than two pounds[$10] a week.

"How, in the light of capacity to pay, is it remotely possible to suggest a relative sacrifice between the very poor and those more comfortably off that is anything like equal?

"The Cabinet began wrongly. It accepted the insistence of outside forces that the unemployment insurance fund [the dole] should be readjusted, and the way they did it was to cut the benefits.

"The budget could have been balanced without resort to the methods disclosed by the Chancellor.

"Instead of following the courses indicated by his life-work, he has been deflected by pressure of the Tories and Liberals and bankers. In capitulating to the financiers, both home and foreign, he abandoned not only his former financial principles but his methods of parliamentary democracy.

"The first retrograde step was followed by another. By the Order in Council method, the Commons was forced to surrender to a great extent their centuries-old control over the details of national expenditure.

"Why have these things been done? Ostensibly, to rescue the pound from the jeopardy in which it has been placed by the errors and misjudgment of the financiers who are responsible to nobody but themselves. It is these people who are the real authors of the budget.

"Snowden has become a prisoner to the traditions of city finance. He distributed the new burden without regard to ability to bear it. He has given reaction an impetus and a direction which will unite against him all of the progressive forces of the nation."

BRITAIN'S TAX INCREASES AND SAVINGS

The chief budget proposals of Britain's National Government as summarized in an Associated Press cable from London.

Taxes

INCOME—Standard rate raised sixpence, or 2½ per cent., making it five shillings in the pound (approximately $1.25 in $5), or 25 per cent. Exemptions for married men cut from £225 (approximately $1,125) to £150 ($750); single men from £135 ($675) to £100 ($500).

SUPERTAX—Increased 10 per cent. on incomes above £2,000, with unearned income to bear larger proportion of taxation.

BEER—Increased one penny (approximately two American cents) a pint.

LEAF TOBACCO—Increased eightpence (16 cents) a pound; other forms of tobacco proportionately.

GASOLINE—Petrol tax increased twopence (4 cents) a gallon.

ENTERTAINMENT—Film and legitimate theaters, tax increased by 16⅔ per cent.

TOTAL—New taxes this year, approximately $202,500,000; next year, $400,000,000.

Savings

DOLE—Cut 10 per cent.; contributions by workers and employers to dole fund increased.

POLICE WAGES—Cut from five shillings up a week.

SCHOOL TEACHERS' WAGES—Cut 15 per cent; estimated savings in education, $51,500,000.

CIVIL SERVANTS' SALARIES—Prime Minister and ministers getting more than $25,000 reduced 20 per cent.; ministers under $10,000 cut 10 per cent.; members of Parliament reduced from $2,000 to $1,800.

DEFENSE SERVICES—Savings of approximately $25,000,000.

ROAD FUND—Savings of approximately $39,325,000.

PAY AND PENSIONS—Savings total to about $18,070,000.

Recapitulation

	This Year's Budget	*Next Year's Budget*
Economies in expenditure	$110,000,000	$350,000,000
Saving in debt redemption	68,500,000	100,000,000
Taxation and inland revenue, increase	145,000,000	287,500,000
Customs and excise increase	57,500,000	120,000,000
Total increase	$381,000,000	$857,500,000
Old estimated deficit	373,395,000	850,000,000
New estimated surplus	$7,605,000	$7,500,000

"There can hardly be a man, woman, or child in the country who has not been made sensibly poorer by the measures to meet the budget deficit," declares the world-famous Liberal Manchester *Guardian*, which adds:

"To many, these measures spell privation, and to others, already on the margin of subsistence, perhaps something worse.

"The budget as a whole must be regarded as a further violent continuation of the process of deflation which has been going on for so many years, and, as probably most people now think, with such disastrous results. It is impossible not to be apprehensive lest Snowden's method of balancing the budget may not itself tend to unbalance it again.

"The slogan of 'Equality of Sacrifice' is particularly false. How can there be equality as between the sacrifice of necessaries and the sacrifice of the comforts of life?

"More than half of the economies will be savings from unemployment relief and education. The first is at the expense of the most unfortunate section of the community. The second is at the expense of the most important service undertaken by the State."

But, crushing and discouraging tho it is, Mr. Snowden could bring out no other kind of budget under the existing fiscal system, confesses the London *Daily Express* (Ind. Cons.). Then it turns to the subject of a protective tariff, which, moment by moment, is becoming more of an issue among English thinkers:

"But need we accept the principle of unrestricted imports any longer? It is the duty of Parliament to revise the budget. There is neither reason nor necessity for avoiding tariffs any longer—without them this budget will prove an instrument of such discouragement that its evils and effects will be emphasized with each passing month.

"Why are the wages of school-teachers cut 15 per cent. while cooperative societies continue to escape an income tax on their profits?

"Is it good economy to place our children under the influence of harassed and embittered teachers whose whole outlook upon life and upon the State is in peril of being jaundiced by penury?"

The aristocratic, ultra-Conservative *Morning Post* remarks:

"The Chancellor of the Exchequer has made an honest attempt, but whatever a politician may do or say, there is not equality of life, nor of the means whereby man may be harnessed like a camel to bear a load just at the right side of the breaking line."

In sharp contradiction is the verdict of the Conservative Edinburgh *Scotsman*, which asserts that "the Government can fairly claim to have spread the sacrifices required as widely and as fairly as possible." Another Scottish Conservative daily, the Glasgow *Evening News*, confesses:

"We have had our eyes opened rudely to a revelation that our credit—that British credit which we always have regarded as unimpeachable—no longer is accepted unquestionably in foreign countries.

"There is now a greater hope that we will recover our credit, and then, most important of all, some of the trade which has been injured by our methods in the past."

And again we find a champion of a tariff on imports in the Conservative Yorkshire *Post* (Leeds), which declares flatly:

"We have lived in a fool's paradise to some extent ever since the war, but utterly and completely during the last two years. Now comes the rough and painful awakening.

"Our present difficulties and the drastic remedies are due mainly to the fact that politicians persistently have refused to face the facts.

"They must face the inevitability of a tariff, not as a means of raising revenue for fresh expenditure on social services, but directly as a means of restoring industry to its competitive ability."

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Franco-German Troublemakers

FRANCE HAS HER GROUP, and Germany her group, of troublemakers between the two countries, seemingly trying to upset the friendship and cooperation that are considered of primal necessity to peace in Europe.

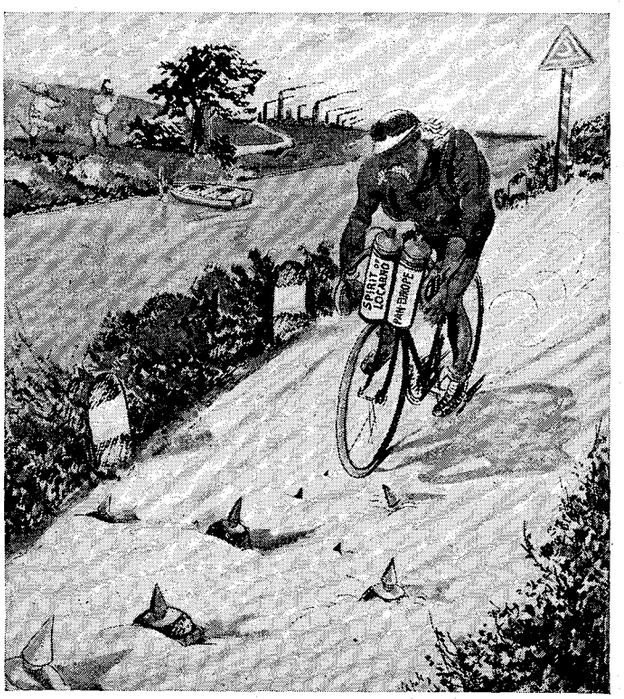
And peace in Europe means prosperity, not only in Europe, but everywhere.

This is the declaration of those who find in Germany an element that is always suspicious of France, just as they can point out its counterpart in France.

For instance, they tell us that when Foreign Minister Julius Curtius of Germany made a conciliatory speech at Geneva to improve the atmosphere for the French official visit to Berlin of Premier Laval and Foreign Minister Briand, he risked angering the German Nationalists and other Germans who think that Dr. Curtius has "taken his political life in his hands."

Similarly, European press correspondents note from time to time the attacks made on Mr. Briand by his own countrymen for what they call his fond friendship for Germany. Yet, despite the fact that Dr. Curtius is reported as having said at Geneva that his arms are "thrown out, not in alarm, but in enthusiasm for the goal toward which Mr. Briand is leading us," French doubt and distrust of Germany persist.

A striking illustration is afforded by Jean de Rovera in the Paris *Comoedia*. He holds that no matter what party has been directing France's international policies during the years since



An Italian Warning to Briand

"Beware the sharp points of German steel helmets!"
—"Il Travaso" (Rome).

the war, there has always been a division of opinion in France among the men of the State and the men in the street.

They are divided, it is said, on the spurious legend of "the two Germanys." Of course, in home politics, this writer admits, there may be an opposition of parties and of political conviction.

BUT in international politics, he can only see one Germany, united and compact; that is, nationalist and imperialist Germany, and this French journalist continues:

"As far as foreign interests are concerned, the German Republic does not exist. Only the Reich exists.

"That the Empire should now have a President is only a coincidence.

"This elementary truth, we have always failed to recognize since the peace—perhaps even since the beginning of the war.

"Our idealism—sustained perhaps by other idealisms less sincere and less disinterested than ours—was pleased to invent the following legend:

"That it was not Germany who wished for war, who prepared, declared, and conducted war by means we all know. But it was German imperialism, the Court, the Army, the professional militarists, the office-holders, a class, in a word, a privileged caste,

German Fears

"If France should let them loose?"
—"Kladderadatsch" (Berlin).

that tyrannized over the people, forced its will upon them and bound them down to bitter sacrifice.

"This legend has no basis. All Germany desired war, prepared for it and made war, for reasons of empire all shared, and which the Germany of Hindenburg has inherited from the Germany of the Hohenzollerns."

Looking Forward in China

RAVAGED by floods, harassed by internal broils, China is nevertheless facing the future with courage, assert certain Chinese editors.

Yet her trials are not to be minimized, says *The Chinese Nation*, a Chinese-edited weekly of Shanghai. The havoc wrought by floods has plunged more than one-tenth of China's population of 400,000,000 into dire need of immediate relief. Sixteen provinces are affected and members of the Government's relief committee report that $600,000,000 will be required to feed the victims for the next half year. This figure is "ten times the deficit in the last National Budget."

Under the military and political leadership of President Chiang Kai-shek, *The Chinese Nation* avers, successive rebellions have been represt. The elimination of Shih Yu-san from the military arena in North China and the approaching end of the anti-bandit campaign in Kiangsi are said to have enhanced the prestige of the National Government at Nanking. And we read:

"Then there still remains the perplexing problem of the Canton secession. Without prejudice to the welfare of the nation, the character of that movement in the South would seem to warrant a solution not by armed expeditions but through pacific channels.

"It is gratifying to note that the authorities of both sides have thus far indicated their intentions toward the latter direction."

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Why Mexico Expels the Chinese

"THE PUBLIC ANTI-CHINESE CLAMOR in Sonora and Sinaloa has been general, vigorous, and justified." This indignant answer to charges of unfairness in the treatment of the Chinese in Mexico is made by the Mexico City *Prensa*. In a poll of the Mexican press, by telegraph for THE LITERARY DIGEST, this daily alleges further that in the Mexican States just named, as well as in other districts, "where the claw of the Chinese dragon has been felt," the Chinese garner huge profits, but "almost never return their wealth to circulation."

The Chinese, it is further asserted by *La Prensa*, "send their funds abroad, thus depleting our monetary stocks after ruining countless small and even great native business men, who are accustomed to another standard of living, and who spend their large earnings in Mexico."

Meanwhile the exodus of Chinese from northern Mexico was halted temporarily on September 3, by an order from Mexico City extending indefinitely the expulsion time limit originally set as September 5. Associated Press dispatches from Nogales, Arizona, advise us further:

"Hundreds of Chinese were waiting at the Mexican border to complete arrangements with United States immigration officials for their passage through this country, under bond, to their native land.

"Jails in Nogales, Bisbee, Douglas, and Tucson, Arizona, were crowded with Chinese unable to give bond, who were arrested by American officials as they crossed the border.

"Word of the order extending the expulsion time limit was received through Gov. Rodolfo Elias Calles of Sonora, and served to quiet the throngs of Chinese frantically seeking a way to comply with the recently issued expulsion edict which applies to Sonora, Sinaloa, and Chihuahua.

"C. K. Wong, Chinese Vice-Consul here, said many wealthy Chinese were being reduced nearly to poverty by being compelled to sell their property hurriedly. Importers and merchants in Sonora alone would lose upward of $10,000,000, he estimated.

"Specific instances of losses cited by Mr. Wong included $1,000,000 each by Juan Lung-tain, most powerful individual Chinese merchant in Sonora, and the Fong Qui Company.

"Prior to the nationalist campaign they were engaged in the wholesale and retail grocery and general merchandising business with stores in all parts of the State.

"Chinese crossing the line at Naco asserted they were charged prohibitive prices by Mexican immigration officers for permits to leave the country, confirming statements of Minister Young.

"Those unable to purchase the permits, the Orientals said, on some occasions were stript of all their clothing except their trousers."

THE semiofficial daily *El Nacional Revolucionario* of Mexico City candidly admits a coming break with China, but minimizes the importance of it. Rather it welcomes such a break as a partial solution of the problem of Asiatic immigration into Mexico, and it proceeds:

"In our northern States, already subject to a heavy American influence, Mexico can not tolerate the weakening of its own population, through the appearance of a new race, of neutral character, which in an emergency would side with the enemy rather than be a defender of the nation which now harbors it.

"This has been at the root of the growing popular prejudice against Asiatics in Sonora and Sinaloa. They are objectionable not because they are Chinese, but because of their number.

"We may also take into account other considerations. While there are very few Mexicans in China, the Chinese colony is the second largest foreign group in Mexico. As regards trade, we could hardly export anything to China owing to foreign control of said trade, and while our silver is handled through foreign syndicates. Chinese have never bought anything from us, but have always been selling.

"The above will explain why a break in relations would not gravely affect us. The break would remain as such, and would be taken only as an unsolved diplomatic problem, not as a *casus belli*.

"It would automatically stop the immigration of Chinese, which would be difficult to prevent while the two countries maintain diplomatic representatives."

MEANWHILE, we are confronted with a wave of indignation in the Chinese press. Cables to THE LITERARY DIGEST from Shanghai reveal the Chinese-language *China Times* (Ind.) making a comparison of "the high-handed action of the Mexican authorities" with recent anti-Chinese outrages in Korea, and it declares that ex-President Calles "openly sponsored and countenanced the Sonora and Sinaloa incidents."

"Mexican truculence surpasses Japanese arrogance," cries *The Times*, as it deplores the weakness of the Nanking Foreign Office.

The editor urges the dispatch of a gunboat to Mexico, recalling that China once before sent a gunboat to Mexican waters at the close of the Manchu régime.

Another Chinese-language journal, the Nationalist *Sin Wan Pao*, chides the Chinese public for its indifference to the situation in Mexico, and declares tartly: "The Chinese, who are noted for their industriousness, have aroused the jealousy of the Mexicans, who are unable to compete with the Chinese."

Says the Shanghai *Republican Daily News*, organ of the Kuomintang:

"Unless the Mexican labor laws are revised all Chinese must leave Mexico sooner or later. The present issue demands that China obtain Mexico's formal apology and hold Mexico responsible for losses to the Chinese. In the event of Mexican refusal, China should retaliate and treat Mexicans in China in the same way."

The Central Daily News of Nanking, a government organ, proposes:

"We should sever our diplomatic relations with Mexico and place the case before the League of Nations. If there is justice, the case should be justly settled.

"Anti-Chinese activities in Mexico constitute the most barbaric acts ever committed. Yet the Mexicans still call themselves a civilized people."

A Bar to Franco-Russian Amity

BILLIONS of francs borrowed by Czarist Russia, which Soviet Russia has no intention of paying back, form a barrier to all projects of trade agreement between the French and the Soviet Russians.

The fact is recognized in France. It is emphasized in Germany. But then, as German editors point out, France is in sore need of trade with Russia.

Indeed the Berlin *Vossische Zeitung* assures us that "the original urge toward the new Franco-Russian policy did not emanate from the French Foreign Office," and it adds:

"It all started with the business interests. Even here some distinctions must be drawn. The powerful French financier, Flandin, belongs, as does his political associate in their radical group, Maginot, to the maddest Soviet haters of them all.

"That influential talker, André Tardieu, is hopelessly the foe of Moscow. When Tardieu was responsible for the conduct of a ministry at Paris, he and his sworn friend, the police prefect Chiappe, used fire and sword in driving from the French capital all that even smelled of the Bolshevik. His recent tour of the rural regions of France, where the peasant reigns supreme, confirmed Tardieu in his opinion that to be anti-Soviet is popular in the land.

"The little people who before the war put their savings into Russian securities, and their sons, who have to begin the world all over again as poor boys, will not listen to any talk of friendship with Moscow."

Also France has set her face firmly against price-reductions, and we are told, "if now we find France negotiating a pact with Russia, it simply means that the business interests have stept in."

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A Play That Doesn't Glorify the Gangster

THE "DISHONEST BENCH," and the "complacent citizenry," so phrased by Percy Hammond, are the subjects of attack in Owen Davis's new play, "Just to Remind You."

The former are much more in the news than the latter, and Mr. Davis seems to think that our only salvation will come when the common people awake from their complacency and put an end to current banditry.

Mr. Davis's play at the Broadhurst Theater is perhaps the first significant offering of the opening season, and this master of melodramatic effects thus scores his bitterest point as Mr. Hammond of the New York *Herald Tribune* sees it:

"When not quivering with forthright wrath he is hotly satiric, and he ends his discourse with one of the bitterest sneers in the annals of propaganda.

"Just before the heroic victim of the grafters is murdered near the center of the stage, the voice of a crooked judge is to be heard reciting Lincoln's Gettysburg address to a crowd of school children across the street.

"The Stars and Stripes flutter from a flagpole, a band plays the national anthem, and a cynical policeman exclaims, 'Nuts!'"

THE story is a simple one, and Mr. Hammond finds it possible to express it in these few lines:

"*Jimmie Alden* (Paul Kelly) is an ambitious young laundryman, who, at the beginning of the play, is inaugurating a new wash-house in West Fifty-second Street.

"All his capital and his hopes are centered in the enterprise, for he plans to marry his adoring assistant (Miss Sylvia Field) when, and if, he prospers.

"In the midst of the gay preparations for business, a sinister figure (Harold Healy) enters and suavely suggests that he come across with $100 a month lest he get himself into trouble.

"Being pig-headed as well as confident of his own power to thwart the racketeers, he angrily declines. Almost immediately thereafter a bomb is dropt in his show window, and all the linen in his tubs is found to be rotted by acids.

"Confronted with ruin, he and his sweetheart prefer disaster to dishonor; and they get it, as the final curtain falls."

Tho melodrama is dear to the hearts of the theater populace, it always seems a little *infra dig* for a critic to whole-heartedly approve. Mr. Hammond struggles with his reluctance to praise. "So eager is Mr. Davis to put his sermon over that he speaks in the simple terms of sensationalism, hitting hard if not fast. Most of his declamations are redolent with the sentiments and accents of an old-fashioned playwright dealing with a modern problem." Having thus paid tribute to his higher self, Mr. Hammond serves the playwright handsomely:

"Mr. Davis's new play, tho it may be regarded by you and me as merely some noble clap-trap, is a courageous outburst against the filibusterers who fill our streets with blood and exact from tradesmen a dishonest share of their honest winnings.

"It is courageous in more ways than that. Mr. Davis is unafraid as he battles the vindictive gangsters, and he is brave when he sends so attractive an actor as his own son, Mr. Davis, Jr., to death in one of the shrewdest and most thrilling minutes of the entertainment.

"I hope he gets away with his tragic conclusions and does not have to change them, as Mr. Golden was forced, by public opinion, to alter the sad ending of his comedy, 'After Tomorrow.'"

With this general criticism most of the other critics concur, with reference, of course, to Course B in collegiate play-writing.

Richard Lockridge in the New York *Sun* finds the play too "abstract":

"Most of the play, excepting those moments devoted to pleasant love-making between Paul Kelly and Sylvia Field, is given over to Mr. Davis's denunciation of the mobsmen and to Mr. Davis's clever little tricks to keep up some measure of suspense.

"With everything Mr. Davis says every one will be in entire agreement, except, of course, the gangsters. That it is the very devil of a situation I, for example, feel as strongly as Mr. Davis.

"But what we can do about it, I know as little. And Mr. Davis knows nothing at all, altho he thinks the man in the street may do something if aroused.

"Pending that, the only solution Mr. Davis has is that men like his young laundrymen get their backs up, and fight it out. Mr. Davis's laundryman fights it out for two and three-quarter acts. Then he is shot and killed.

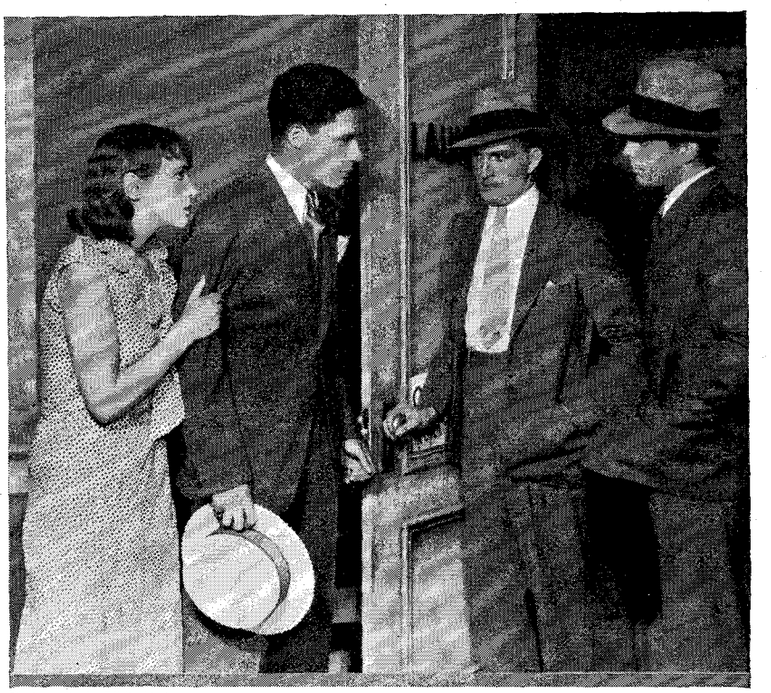
"The production of dead heroes seems, somehow, faintly inadequate as an answer to 'gang rule.' Denunciations of gangsters in plays, particularly in not very good plays, seem also unlikely to get us anywhere.

"It is possible to discuss Mr. Davis's tragedy thus abstractly, because Mr. Davis has himself left it almost entirely abstract.

"His characters are wax figures, neatly labeled: Heroic Young Man, Heroic Young Woman, Young Man Led Astray, Three Gangsters Who Pass While the Bomb Explodes, Corrupt Jurist, Honest Dan Costigan of the Safe and Loft Squad, Four Policemen, First Comic Relief, Second Comic Relief, Subsidiary Love Interest.

"In the final scene, it is Virtue, not *Jimmie Alden*, which lies slain. *Jimmie Alden* never came to life, not even tho Paul Kelly acted him. The audience, acutely realizing this, cheered Virtue and hissed Vice, and otherwise revealed its entire disbelief in the characters as men and women.

"The task of the actors was, by this neglect of the author, rendered entirely impossible. Mr. Kelly, Miss Field, Peg Entwistle, Owen Davis, Jr., Frank Shannon, and the rest did their able best. It was not their fault that 'Just to Remind You'



Photographs by White Studio

Two Gangsters Call

For the boy who, having joined the underworld, tries to save his friend "Jimmie." The part is played by Owen Davis, Jr., son of the author.

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remained to the end a somewhat hurried pamphlet, assailing the indefensible with vast vigor."

The Play Goes to Church

THE OWEN DAVIS PLAY ended its initial week on the platform of the Broadway Temple.

Dr. Christian F. Reisner, the pastor, invited the actors of "Just to Remind You" to give the principal scenes of the play before his Sunday-night congregation, and himself turned dramatic critic.

Thus the New York *Herald Tribune* reports:

"The church was crowded, and the congregation applauded vigorously at the close of every act. When at last the young business man had been 'put on the spot' after a detective and a judge had ridiculed him, Dr. Reisner stept into the pulpit and said the play was the best sermon on gangsters he had ever heard.

"Dr. Reisner reminded the congregation before the service that the play 'contained a few swear words.' However, he said, 'they are effective in their places, and I have no fault to find with them.' In attempting to put his finger on the reason why there were gangsters, Dr. Reisner in his sermon which followed the presentation said the people who had forgotten God were to blame.

"Dr. Reisner pointed his finger at his congregation and said, 'You and you and you are to blame. The people in the street must wake up. We must stop passing the buck.'

"Prohibition, Dr. Reisner said, was not to blame for gangsters. Gangsters were appearing in Canada and in London. He blamed 'current plays, publications, many of the magazines and motion-pictures, and tabloid papers.'

"'Such things as Earl Carroll's productions,' he said, 'do their part. Lewdness is glorified on the stage, and it makes men into beasts.'

"The only hope he saw for the country was a revival of 'old-fashioned, honest-to-goodness religion.'

"'Religion,' he said, 'would show the gangsters the cheapness of their life. It would make the people realize the cheapness of their lives in permitting gangsters.'"

These Complacent Americans

WHY THE BABBITTS DIDN'T TURN and tear Sinclair Lewis to pieces is the wonder exprest by Miss F. Tennyson Jesse.

And Mr. Lewis is not the only American writer who exists on the friendly sufferance of his fellow citizens.

So thinks this English writer, who provides an occasional column to Mr. Charles Hanson Towne's page in the New York *American*.

Miss Jesse is the daughter of a nephew of Lord Tennyson, late poet laureate of England, and has had an active career as novelist and newspaper writer both here and in England. She once studied the American scene from the purlieus of Greenwich Village.

Just now she is wondering if Americans are unfortunate in their authors, "because of the pictures of Americans and American life given by nearly all of their authors."

Thus:

"It seems incredible that Sinclair Lewis has not been torn to death by a mob of angry Babbitts, but I believe that the Babbitts like it.

"He has made them visible to themselves, and such is the nature of man that he can not find the image of his true self totally displeasing. Neither, of course, was the original *Babbitt* without charm. He was a lovable little man, almost as lovable as *Sam Dodsworth*, which is why those two books are greater than 'Elmer Gantry,' which is pure vitriol, magnificent as the book is.

"But I must not write of Sinclair Lewis's works, or I should go on forever. He was the first to give us that wild vitality and violence, partaking somewhat of the violence of a force of nature, which is what distinguishes American fiction.

"We write very well in England, but not even Wells has the 'attack' of the Americans.

"Who in England could pack the humor, satire, the bitter commentary on life into a few economical pages, as can Dorothy Parker or, in his different way, Nunnally Johnson?

"Who, for the matter of that, has the crisp lewdness of Ernest Hemingway?

"What commentator is as devastating as George Jean Nathan—tho the English laws of libel may have something to do with this.

"Looking back through American literature, it seems that this change from the quietness of Howells, of O. Henry, of Henry James has come about very rapidly. These writers of an earlier day seem to be only American by accident, their literary descent is so purely English, even that of O. Henry.

"Mark Twain, had he not been shackled by his womenkind and by the hypocritical era in which he lived, could have been as savage as the moderns, but I know of no one else. Even Walt Whitman, so daring in his day and generation, seems full of joy and peace and entirely lacking in modern savagery."

MISS JESSE pauses to notice some who do not go bludgeoning through the land—Hergesheimer, Willa Cather, Cabell, Stephen Benét, Thornton Wilder, "who, instead of trampling in the arena, seem to produce their exquisitely textured work rather in the shade of some classic villa."

But—

"Even Stribling, who has more of the milk of human kindness in his fountain pen than Hemingway or Dorothy Parker, in books such as 'Bright Metal,' depicts a world of savages compared with which the Trobriand Islanders seem sophisticated.

"That vital tho turgid book, 'Look Homeward, Angel,' by the young writer Thomas Wolfe, need only be compared with 'Clayhanger' to show the difference between the American and English manner of depicting lower middle-class life.

"Arnold Bennett was not a hypocritical writer; he saw truly and fairly, but Thomas Wolfe shows us a small town that is like a glimpse of hell, nothing but grossness, bestiality and stupidity; yet I have not heard of Mr. Wolfe being stoned out of his native town by indignant citizens.

"One is forced, therefore, to believe that there are communities in America such as he writes about.

"Never have young writers had a more marvelous field for fiction than America, because her civilization is still a mass of contradictions. That suave New York of which we learn in the pages of Edith Wharton exists side by side with gang-land. Even Caradoc Evans, our most vitriolic writer, can not find in his native Wales quite the horrors of 'Elmer Gantry.' His palet is more drab.

"Yes, America provides wonderful material for her authors, but they deal with that material so faithfully that I can not but wonder how it is they have not all been lynched."

The Cover

THOSE of you who have followed the itinerary of Mayor Walker will picture him here at one of the places where he has been "resting."

Cannes is one of the most popular French winter and spring resorts, and the inclement weather of more northern places has turned it this year into a summer resort. It is particularly favored by the English; in fact, it owes its rescue from the state of an obscure little hill town to Lord Brougham, who made it popular for its beauty and healthful climate.

The artist, Lucien Adrion, who exhibits at the Edouard Jonas Galleries in New York, furnishes this sketch:

"Lucien Adrion, French artist, enjoys a highly distinctive place in the ranks of present-day European painters.

"Born in Strassbourg, in 1889, he showed marked talent in the field of art at an early age. After extensive training under several of Europe's foremost artists, his first paintings were indicative of a very promising future.

"His work in portraying scenes at Deauville, Nice, Cannes, Monte Carlo, and of the boulevards of Paris have attracted wide attention in European art circles because of their warmth, color, life, and truth of detail. His vivid masterpiece of the Paris 'Bourse' created quite a sensation in artistic centers."

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Sins of the Theater Audience

A NEW YEAR'S EVE AUDIENCE is the actor's particular detestation.

This is perhaps too far in the future for present consideration; but what happens then in bulk, happens all the time more or less.

Agnes Repplier, in an engaging essay in *The Atlantic Monthly*, quotes the actor Roland Young as "accusing the audience of every conceivable misdeed. They came late, they missed the best jokes, they invariably laughed at the wrong time."

Untimely laughter Miss Repplier sets down as "the worst, or at least the most distressing, misconduct on the part of an average audience."

Here are cases in point:

"Henry James maintained that only English-speaking people were capable of this *bêtise*. The French were too intelligent to blunder grossly, the Italians too sympathetic, the Germans too well informed.

"He confessed that he never took a foreigner to a serious play in London without a feeling of shame at the tittering he heard on every side.

"He instanced that grim drama, 'Rutherford and Son,' as a case in point. A portion of the house seemed to find it funny, and laughed throughout with cheerful misconception.

"On the other hand, be it remembered that a London audience, harassed beyond endurance by the persistent giggling of two women during a performance of 'Hedda Gabler,' hissed the offenders so furiously that they fled frightened from the theater.

"When St. John Ervine's play, 'John Ferguson,' was given in Philadelphia, it was received with laughter. Now I am aware that a very able writer has denied in the pages of *The Atlantic Monthly* the existence of modern tragedy. Nevertheless 'John Ferguson' is an unrelenting study of all that life holds of tragic. Not for a moment is there a ray of hope or a release from pain.

"It was said that women laughed from sheer nervous tension, and this was in a measure true. But they laughed principally because one of the characters was an idiot, and they considered that all remarks made by an idiot are necessarily laughable. That his uncanny prescience deepened the horror of the situation was not apparent to their minds.

"Miss Helen Freeman, who took the part of *Hannah Ferguson*, was asked how she and the rest of the cast bore this incredible lack of understanding. She said that at first they felt they could not go on with their parts; but that they had steeled themselves to concentrate their minds upon the stage, and to forget the people in front of them.

"In other words, the audience which stood responsible for the success of the play, and which should have been vividly present as an incentive to the players, had become a bugbear to be ignored, and, so far as it was possible, forgotten."

TALKING in the audience is not a modern annoyance. Dramatic history is full of recitals of such behavior. Miss Repplier confesses that houses in her own home town, Philadelphia, were in an uproar during a play until the advent of Edwin Forrest and Junius Brutus reduced the audiences to silence.

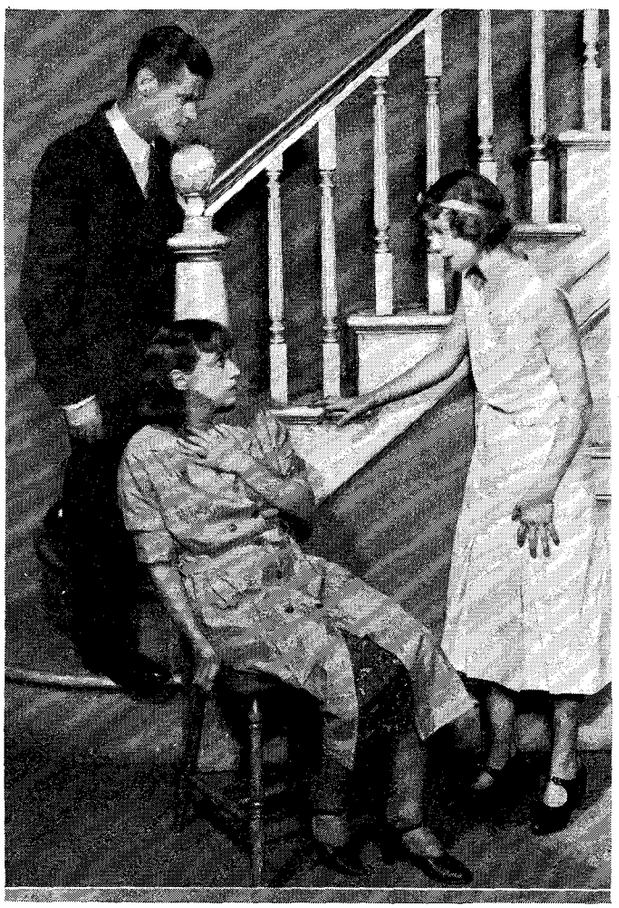
A story is told of an English visitor to a French theater in a past century who had to endure his neighbor singing the air in unison with the actor on the stage. Forthwith he began to hiss the actor, and, when the Frenchman asked why he did so, replied, "Because while he sings I can't hear you."

Philadelphia to-day has a different story to tell:

"The theatergoers of our day would rather hear an inferior play than hear their neighbors' conversation. On this point they and the actors are in accord, tho neither can compel a civilized silence in the house.

"Even musicians are only partially successful, with the exception of Dr. Leopold Stokowski, who has his Philadelphia audiences under such good control that they hardly dare to breathe. They sit motionless as cataleptics, would strangle rather than cough, and regard a sneeze as impious sacrilege. When a symphony is concluded they have permission, grudgingly given, to applaud.

"Stokowski does not hold with this boisterous clapping of hands, nor does he consider it a fitting recognition of music; but he has conceded the point out of generous sympathy with his orchestra, which likes a tribute to its worth."



Her Sweetheart Put on the Spot

She turns on "Jimmie's" girl as the cause of his downfall. "Jimmie" (Paul Kelly) looks on. In Owen Davis's play "Just to Remind You." See page 15.

THE "full and understanding auditory," which has been the desire of the actor's heart from Shakespeare's time to our own, is a boon seldom vouchsafed:

"The house is often full and sometimes understanding, but only on rare and happy nights is it both. Weird enthusiasms incite the drama-loving world, and dull incomprehension misleads it. Neither of these eventualities can be foreseen.

"The producer who keeps his finger on the public pulse is aware that his diagnosis is fallible. He stands ready to administer a merry or a dismal, a bawdy or a 'sweet pure little' play, and he does not know which will avail. The dramatist is inured to surprizes. The actor plays his part in doubt and bewilderment.

"On the one hand, we hear Ellen Terry wondering why it was that British matrons of high estate—among them Princess Mary of Teck—would take their daughters to hear Gounod's 'Faust,' but would not take them so see Goethe's 'Faust.' On the other hand, we hear John Barrymore voicing a mild amazement that Americans, who had spells of virtuous recoil, 'did not seem to mind' the obvious fact that 'The Jest,' which ran so successfully, 'was like a bullfight in a brothel.'

"To such enigmas the long rows of men and women sitting on uncomfortable seats in the darkness can offer no solution.

"A veteran actor has asked rather superciliously, if any one has ever heard an intelligent comment upon a play made by a member of the departing audience.

"When the curtain fell upon John Barrymore's 'Hamlet,' and I was making my way out of the theater, wondering what principle had dictated the ruthless and arbitrary cutting of the text, a lady in front of me said to her companion: 'What I liked best was that we had the play just as Shakespeare wrote it. There wasn't a line left out.' 'Oh, but there was,' said the second lady. 'I waited all evening to hear the queen say, "Out, damned spot!" and she never said it.'"

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Among the Human Leopards

THIS FIRST OPERATION was in a chicken-coop, but he saved the savage.

It was a gruesome sort of place, Lambarene, in west equatorial Africa.

The dense, tropical forest prest close to the edge of the river Ogowe. Night fell early and fast, and sometimes human leopards roamed abroad, lusting for blood. Every known tropical plague found victims among the primitive natives, some pot-bellied from disease, others skinny as stickpins.

But this man whose name ranks high in theology, philosophy, music, and medicine is content to minister to the savage and superstitious folk of the jungle, whose gratitude is slow in coming. All because he "had learned of the physical misery of the natives of this region through Alsatian missionaries in charge of a station at the Paris Mission Society there" and "found out that there was no doctor in that country" and no money with which to provide one. "So," he says simply, "I decided to found a hospital there."

That is all the reason Dr. Albert Schweitzer gives in his book, "The Forest Hospital at Lambarene" (Holt and Company), translated by his friend, C. T. Campion.

And be it remembered, as told in these pages March 21, that Dr. Schweitzer is one of the world's greatest living organists, the greatest living authority on the works of Johann Sebastian Bach, and famous as lecturer and author.

Illustrations from "The Forest Hospital at Lambarene" (Henry Holt and Company)

They Chose the Jungle

Dr. Albert and Mrs. Helene Schweitzer, who established a missionary hospital in tropical Africa. He is one of the world's greatest living organists and an authority on Bach.

But he said good-by to all that when he went down to Africa on a cargo boat simply because he had heard that the natives around Lambarene had no doctor. He went first with his wife, Mrs. Helene Schweitzer, who helped him in that first operation in the chicken-coop. Illness forced their return to Europe, but he spent the time in writing and lecturing until at last his health was restored.

So it was back to Lambarene in 1924, this time without his helpmeet, who had not sufficiently recovered to be able to withstand the insidious perils of the jungle. But he now has two assistant doctors and a couple of trained nurses.

This philosopher, musician, and missionary doctor is no ordinary figure of a man. He is about six feet tall, powerfully built, with muscles of iron, dark brown hair and eyes, says Dr. Karl Reiland in his introduction to the book:

"His personality is irresistibly attractive; sincerity, sympathy, humor, and penetration are some of 'the elements so mixed in him' with his love of laughter and charming simplicity, that he is 'at home' with any one anywhere. It is a most remarkable combination of brain, brawn, and spiritual brotherhood with which he is endowed, and not only the difficult achievements in which he has won distinction but the inspiring qualities he exhibits with such humility conspire to make him one of the most distinguished and lovable individuals of our time."

IN fact, says Dr. Reiland, Dr. Schweitzer "does not know how really great he is."

The man was actually happy when he got back to his little hospital, tho rust and decay greeted his eye, and he had to tread a new path in the undergrowth.

But, before that, when he had made a preliminary stop at another station, the first talk turned to the human leopards, whose story is as strange and gruesome as any that comes out of that dark land of mystery. We read that:

"They are men possest by the delusion that they are leopards, and therefore must kill men, and when they are out to do this, they try to behave altogether like leopards.

"They go on all fours, fastening on their hands and feet real leopard's claws or iron imitations of them, so as to leave behind them a spoor like that of a leopard; and when they catch a victim, they sever his carotid artery, as leopards do."

LIKE other secret associations, says Dr. Schweitzer, these bands of human leopards "are signs of an uncanny process of fermentation which is going on in the heart of Africa. Reviving superstition, primitive fanaticism, and very modest Bolshevism are today combining in the strangest way in the Dark Continent."

But more of the doctor and his hospital: Nearly everything is to be done over again when he returns. He must build, often with his own hands, doctor, operate, and nurse, see that graves are dug, and keep an eye on his people lest superstition get the upper hand. Tabus rule the jungle. The natives won't help with a burial or dig a grave because of tabus. Untrained in benevolence, they frequently make no return. They come for food as well as medical attention. An extra ration induces them to help around the hospital.

They suffer from all the terrible diseases of the tropics—blackwater fever, sleeping sickness, enteric, elephantiasis, leprosy, and a host of others. Sometimes they have been poisoned with native medicine or by enemies. Sometimes they bite when they fight, and the human bite is said to be the worst of all.

The book grew out of letters not intended for publication. Of the first months in Lambarene Dr. Schweitzer writes:

"Easter Monday sees our first patients arrive, among them several old people with heart complaints and in very poor condition, for whom scarcely anything can be done. We therefore get many deaths in the first weeks. With one of these bad cases I sat up a whole night hoping to save him by means of injections of caffein, ether, and camphor, with the result that a small native girl in the mission station believes me to be a human leopard. She runs away in terror every time she sees me, and tho the schoolmistress tries to talk her out of her fear, it is no use.

"'I saw them,' she says, 'take the man into the hospital in the evening, and he was alive. Then came the doctor and was alone with him the whole night. In the morning they brought him out dead. Evidently the doctor killed him. He is a white human leopard who is allowed to go about freely, while they shut the black ones in prison.'"

SOMETIMES the struggle is almost heartbreaking. Many of the savages are slow of understanding, ungrateful, and alien to any moral discipline. The poorest and most numerous of the hospital's guests are the Bendjabis, who are a sore trial to their volunteer and saintly helpers. For instance,

"If a Bendjabi appears of his own accord each morning for his bandaging or his injection or to get his medicine, and does not run away because his turn does not come at once; if when

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the horn sounds for rations he does not wait more than half an hour before appearing with his plate; if he throws all refuse in its proper place; if he does not steal fowls from the missionary or let the latter catch him plundering his fruit trees or his banana plants; if at cleaning-up time on Saturday afternoon he helps without too much outcry; if when the lot falls upon him and his condition allows it, he jumps into the canoe ready to paddle it; if when there are cases and sacks of rice to be unloaded he lends a hand, even if fate has willed that he has first to be routed out from behind his cooking-pot as fit for the job—any one who does these things and a few others like them passes with us for a virtuous and rational being in whom we gladly overlook many shortcomings in other directions.

"But we are not tried only by the entire absence of discipline in our savages; we suffer from their absolute inability to understand that anything can be valuable. The hospital being so near the forest it is really not at all hard for them to get firewood.

"But, as it is rather less trouble, they prefer to burn the beams and planks which I procure with so much trouble and such heavy expense, and having no place which I can make secure with lock and key, I am quite at a loss for a way of keeping my precious timber safe from them.

"This unsuccessful struggle, repeated day after day, to produce in these savages some notion of what is meant by value, is a trial of patience and nerves as severe as any that can be imagined."

When Sickness Comes to Africa

Sick-bay in the new hospital at Lambarene, which Dr. Schweitzer helped to build with his own hands when he wasn't doctoring, operating, nursing, and looking after things in general.

But the humanity of the doctor is ever uppermost. He writes of being "allowed" to spend his life among the savages. He appreciates it when a savage is grateful, and there are some among even the Bendjabis who finally learn that the good doctor is not working among them to enrich himself. One runs to meet him when he is on a journey, or a cheerful halloo floats to him from a passing canoe, and he writes:

"I daresay we should have fewer difficulties with our savages if we could occasionally sit round the fire with them and show ourselves to them as men, and not merely as medicine-men and custodians of law and order in the hospital.

"But there is no time for that.

"All three of us, we two doctors and Nurse Kottman, are really so overwhelmed with work that the humanity within us can not come out properly. But we can not help it. For the present we are condemned to the trying task of carrying on the struggle with sickness and pain, and to that everything else has to give way.

"In the middle of September we get the first rains, and the cry is to bring all building timber under cover. As we have in the hospital hardly a man capable of work, I begin, assisted by two loyal helpers, to haul beams and planks about myself. Suddenly I catch sight of a Negro in a white suit sitting by a patient whom he has come to visit.

"'Hullo, friend,' I call out, 'won't you lend us a hand?' 'I am an intellectual and don't drag wood about,' came the answer. 'You're lucky,' I reply. 'I too wanted to become an intellectual, but I didn't succeed.'"

For Married People Only

Love laughs at locksmiths and all that, but after the blessing at the altar has crowned the engagement the most devoted love sometimes finds there are problems at which it is difficult even to smile.

Bride and groom have closed a gate behind them. It is a much different adventure that lies ahead.

That is why so many couples go to the Old Stone Church in Cleveland, that city's Presbyterian "Little Church Around the Corner." The two pastors, Dr. Mark and the Rev. Mr. Klahr, and their assistant, Mrs. Sherk, look upon their part in the romance as just begun when the marriage ceremony is ended.

Before the wedding, we read in the Boston *Evening Transcript's* "Churchman Afield," each couple receives a copy of the marriage ceremony, and, in serious conference, effort is made to show that these words do not constitute a magic wand by which two personalities are blended, but that the success of the union will depend on the determined, intelligent effort they themselves exert later.

Approach to each couple is according to background and traditions, but the motive is the same—"to demonstrate that marriage is a matter of 'intogetherness' in five ways—financially, intellectually, socially, physically, and spiritually." The advice takes a practical turn:

"Those who need such counsel are put in touch with the banks of the city which specialize in budget plans.

"For guidance on the next three points a bibliography of books on marriage and home-making is furnished by the public library. For any who can not make use of the public library, the church has a small but excellent collection of books. Finally, it is pointed out that spiritual unity is the blossoming of unity in the other four realms.

"After the ceremony, if the newly married people are to live too far away from the Old Stone Church to make it their spiritual home, Mrs. Sherk supplies the names, address, and church preference to the Federated Churches of Greater Cleveland.

"As soon as possible a visitor from that organization calls and urges them to unite with the church of their preference nearest to their new home. Four hundred couples of the six hundred married in the Old Stone Church during the past year have had the personal help of these three religious counselors. Many of the remaining two hundred, who live outside the city, have been reached through correspondence.

"In spite of some disappointments and disillusionments, the pastors and their assistant feel richly repaid. Their faith in human nature is many times strengthened by the sight of young couples who joyously voyaged forth, meeting with courage and fortitude the almost unendurable trials which come.

"And, from their intimate knowledge of the thoughts and desires of so many young people, they feel sure that, as much as ever, most of the youth of to-day are earnest and eager to find life satisfying."

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A Church Warning to Capitalism

THE PROSPECT OF PIE IN HEAVEN won't shorten the bread lines this winter—or any winter.

Society, therefore, must rearrange its economic system so as to make impossible the repetition of the stark contrast between vast fortunes and long lines of men and women waiting for a hand-out. Else worse may befall us.

This warning, broadcast by the Federal Council of Churches, does not offer any detailed plan of economic salvation; but it does indicate the broad lines on which any plan must be built. It does not propose that counsel of Jesus to the rich man, to go and sell all that he had; but it does demand that economic security shall be provided for all, from the cradle to the grave.

In other words, capitalism is not dismissed from the economic scene, but asked to make a fairer distribution of its profits.

The document calls for a new concept of the position and needs of all workers and producers "on the basis of justice, not charity," with provisions for ample wage, stabilization of employment, and adequate protection against interruptions in the opportunity to earn, such as workmen's compensation, health insurance, unemployment insurance, maternity benefits and old-age pensions.

The report asks significantly: "When prosperity shall have returned, is it to be the same kind that we have known in the past? History indicates that a return to such prosperity will be only temporary and that another depression with its human suffering will follow unless fundamental changes are made."

The uneven distribution of wealth is brought sharply to our attention. The message cites the National Bureau of Research figures of 1921 indicating that 1 per cent. of property owners in this country held 33 per cent. of the national wealth, while 10 per cent. owned 64 per cent.

"Society," says the message, "must turn its attention increasingly to the unsoundness of the present distribution of the national income and to the control of the money-making spirit which lies behind it. Public sentiment must also turn against the amassing of property, especially through stock speculation, without regard for social consequences. New emphasis must rather be laid upon the Christian motive of service."

A LIVING wage must be more than a sum required to purchase necessities merely while the producer is at work. "We must extend the concept to cover all of a worker's life, including the two periods at the beginning and at the end—childhood and old age—when one can not earn."

The world must be recognized as an economic unity, says the report. "We do not live unto ourselves," and "unless the dawning recognition of this fact is quickly incorporated into our national policy, unendurable misery and chaos will result."

Accepting the statement as a challenge, the Newark *Evening News* remarks soberly that "altho it may be imperceptible to many, including some of the 1 per cent. and the 10 per cent. in whose hands the lion's share of the nation's wealth is concentrated, we are going through an economic revolution. We need," the New Jersey paper urges, "the ideals of the Christian Church to help guide it."

The Real Menace to Capitalism

—Fitzpatrick in the St. Louis "Post-Dispatch."

But if wages were fixt upon the basis suggested, that is, to cover the whole period of life, says the Brooklyn *Eagle*, "we could not possibly compete in the slightest degree in the world markets. Other nations with less of altruism in their laws would hold those markets." *The Eagle*, in fact, does not attach any great weight to the message. Pointing out that the laborer of to-day may be the millionaire of to-morrow, it says:

"Despite all the cynics we have no fixt classes in America, and most of us want none.

"The laborer, like every other man, gives hostages to fortune when he has children. For the 'beginning' period of their lives he is responsible. For the old who never could save or never have saved we provide old-age pensions.

"On the whole, the churches have not much occasion to quarrel with the wealthy, and they have more than one reason for not seeking any such quarrel. Mere gestures will not provoke any quarrel.

"That the Council's manifesto is of the nature of a gesture is plain enough to more reasoning citizens."

Where Is Shylock?

JUST like the Jews, we might say.

For the Jews of America gave $56,200,870 to Jewish and non-Jewish philanthropies during the year which ended August 31.

The amount, announced by the Jewish Telegraphic Agency and published in the New York *Times*, is based on fifty-nine individual gifts of $50,000 or more, given to various causes, and on funds raised by national Jewish organizations and their local units.

The sum raised by national organizations for specifically Jewish charities totaled, we read, $30,335,000, and individual benefactions for Jewish and non-Jewish causes reached $25,865,870, of which $20,497,120 was contributed to those of non-Jewish character.

Gifts specifically for Jewish philanthropies included one of $1,000,000 and fourteen of $100,000 or more, while those for non-Jewish included one of $10,000,000, five of $1,000,000, and fourteen of $100,000 or more.

It is a record, says the New York *Catholic News*, of which any group in America may well be proud. "But it is no surprize to well-informed folk to hear of this amazing benevolence of our Jewish friends. They are always the most generous donors to charity, and their institutions are among the best conducted in the land."

In proportion to their numbers, this wholesale philanthropy of the Jews, believes the Boston *Post*, "constitutes a record in the noble art of giving," and *The Post* wonders whether it is generally realized how much Jews give to charity.

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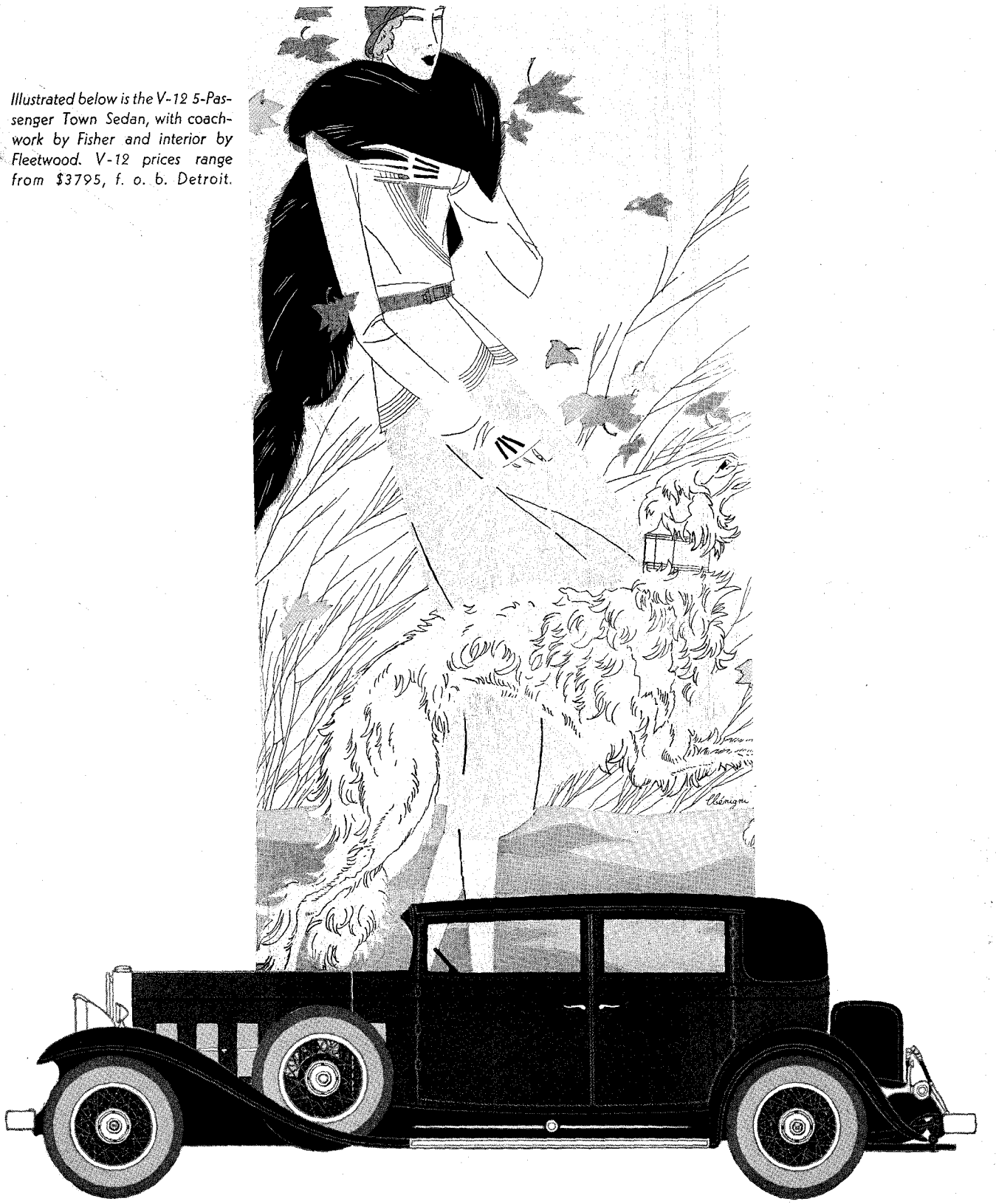
Illustrated below is the V-12 5-Passenger Town Sedan, with coachwork by Fisher and interior by Fleetwood. V-12 prices range from $3795, f. o. b. Detroit.



The degree of satisfaction one gets from driving a motor car must depend, primarily, upon its *performance*. How quietly does it operate? How easily does it handle? How comfortably does it ride? When you have the answer to these questions, you have the measure of pleasure an automobile can provide. This is the reason why owners of the Cadillac V-12 are so outspoken in its praise—for, save the V-16 alone, there is no other motor car whose over-all performance is so completely satisfying. Won't you confirm this, some day, with a V-12 demonstration?

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A CAR FOR EVERY PURSE AND PURPOSE

CHEVROLET	
Roadster	$ 475
Sport Roadster	495
Phaeton	510
Coupe	535
Coupe (5 Windows)	545
Coach	545
Sport Coupe	575
5 Passenger Coupe	590
Convertible Cabriolet	615
Sedan	635
Special Sedan	650
Landau Phaeton	650
PONTIAC	
Coupe	$ 675
Sedan, 2-Door	675
Sport Coupe	715
Sedan, 4-Door	745
Convertible Coupe	745
Custom Sedan	785
OLDSMOBILE	
Sedan, 2-Door	$ 845
Coupe	845
Sport Coupe	895
Sedan, 4-Door	925
Convertible Roadster	935
Patrician Sedan	960
OAKLAND	
Coupe	$ 895
Sedan, 2-Door	895
Sport Coupe	975
Sedan, 4-Door	995
Convertible Coupe	995
Custom Sedan	1,065
BUICK	
2 Pass. Business Coupe "56"	$1,025
2 Door Sedan "50"	1,035
Sport Roadster "54"	1,055
Phaeton "55"	1,055
4 Pass. Special Coupe "56S"	1,055
4 Door Sedan "57"	1,095
4 Pass. Conv. Coupe "8-56C"	1,095
2 Pass. Business Coupe "66"	1,285
4 Pass. Special Coupe "66S"	1,325
Sport Roadster "64"	1,335
Phaeton "65"	1,335
4 Door Sedan "67"	1,355
4 Pass. Coupe "86"	1,535
4 Door Sedan "87"	1,565
Sport Roadster "94"	1,610
7 Pass. Phaeton "95"	1,620
4 Pass. Country Club Coupe "96S"	1,720
5 Pass. Coupe "96"	1,765
4 Door Sedan "91"	1,785
4 Pass. Conv. Coupe "8-96C"	1,785
7 Pass. 4 Door Sedan "90"	1,935
7 Pass. Limousine "90L"	2,035
LA SALLE V-8	
Coupe, 2 Passenger	$2,195
Roadster	2,245
Convertible Coupe	2,295
Sedan, 5 Passenger	2,295
Coupe, 5 Passenger	2,295
Touring, 7 Passenger	2,345
Town Sedan, 5 Passenger	2,345
Sedan, 7 Passenger	2,475
Imperial	2,595
All-Weather Phaeton	3,245
Sedanet	3,245
5 Pass. Sedanet Cabriolet	3,245
CADILLAC V-8	
Coupe, 2 Passenger	$2,695
Coupe, 5 Passenger	2,795
Sedan, 5 Passenger	2,795
Roadster, 2 Passenger	2,845
Town Sedan	2,845
Phaeton	2,945
Convertible Coupe	2,945
Sedan, 7 Passenger	2,945
Imperial	3,095
Touring	3,195
All-Weather Phaeton	3,795
CADILLAC V-12	
Coupe, 2 Passenger	$3,795
Coupe, 5 Passenger	3,895
Sedan, 5 Passenger	3,895
Roadster	3,945
Town Sedan	3,945
Phaeton	4,045
Convertible Coupe	4,045
Sedan, 7 Passenger	4,195
Touring	4,295
Imperial	4,345
All-Weather Phaeton	4,895
CADILLAC V-16	
11 Fleetwood Custom Models	$5,350 to $9,700
Special Custom Models, up to	$15,000

All prices f. o. b. factories. The G. M. A. C. convenient time payment plan is available on all General Motors Products sold to the public.

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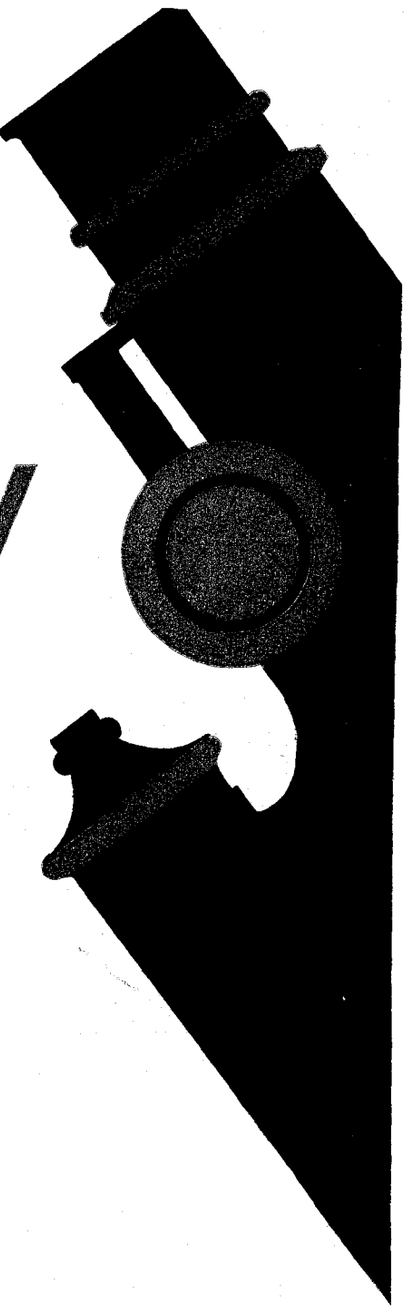

GM
GENERAL MOTORS

General Motors carries on many activities for the purpose of assisting its Divisions in manufacturing cars of unusual quality to sell at attractive prices. These activities include extensive research and testing, group purchasing of materials, and a number of other equally important functions. It is reasonable to believe that these activities are reflected in the value of General Motors cars; and it is also possible to verify this belief. The prospectiv purchaser can examine and drive any Gener Motors car and find that unusual skill and car have been exercised in its design and cor struction. He can discuss the car with owne and learn their opinions of its quality, its endu ance and its ability to give genuine satisfa tion. Thus, any buyer can prove to himself th General Motors cars have outstanding valu

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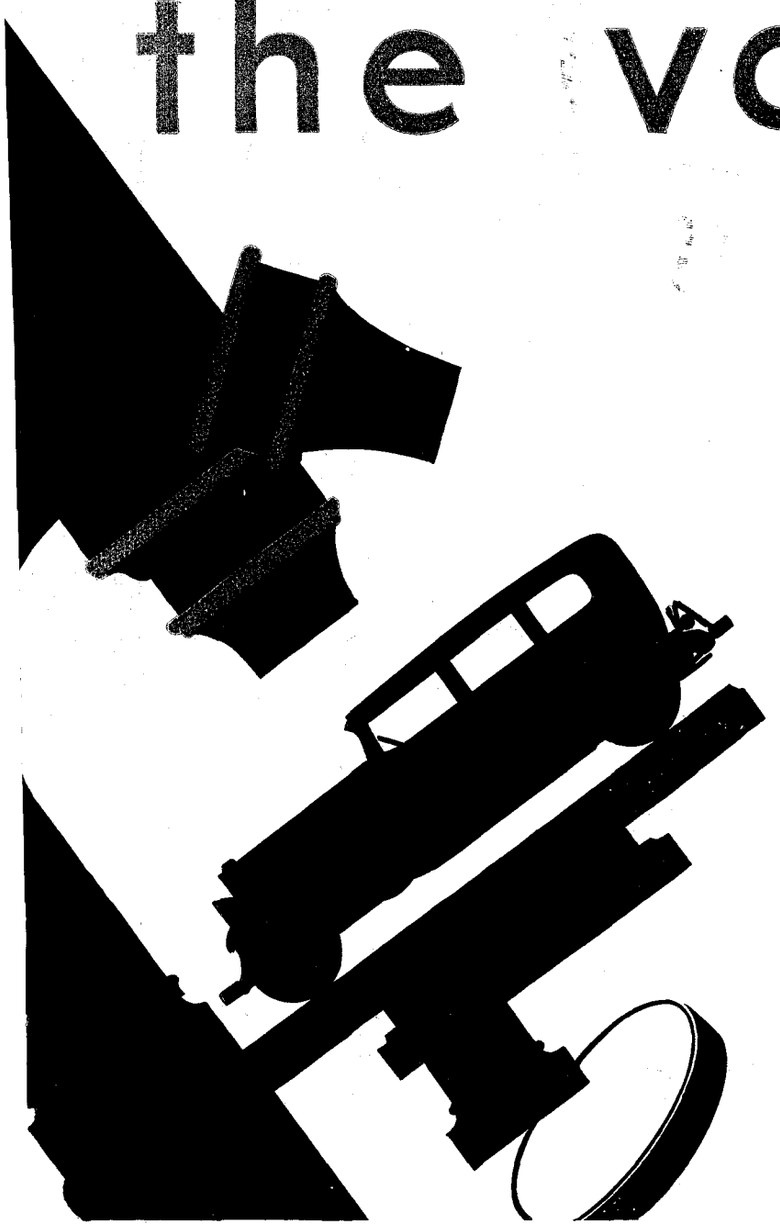
the value



ENERAL MOTORS CARS
AVE OUTSTANDING VALUE

VROLET · PONTIAC · OLDSMOBILE · OAKLAND · BUICK · LA SALLE · CADILLAC · BODIES BY FISHER

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CURRENT POETRY

UNSOLICITED CONTRIBUTIONS TO THIS DEPARTMENT CAN NOT BE RETURNED. UNPUBLISHED POETRY UNAVAILABLE

FROM "Now That the Hawthorn Blossoms" (Bruce Humphries, Boston) we extract these lines instinct with homely wisdom:

TRAVELING SALESMAN

BY ALTHEA BASS

'Frisco, Mobile, Schenectady—
He fled before reality.
For thirty years he kept ahead
Of the dark terror that he fled.

He merely visited at home,
Knowing how many ills can come
To those fixed walls; he let his wife
Combat them while he fled for life.

Whooping cough, taxes, callers' appeals,
Plumbers' indifference, children's squeals—
These were the things that gave him pain.
He fled by auto, rail, or plane.

After three decades he grew fagged
With running; when his footsteps lagged
Reality caught up with him
In a hotel in Salem grim.

Face to the wall, he shook with fear,
Knowing reality was near.
He died, afraid to look and find
She had an honest face and kind.

IN *Holland's Magazine* (Dallas, Tex.) we find a lyric that captures an almost universal experience:

TO A NEW-FOUND FRIEND

BY ANDERSON M. SCRUGGS

You were another of the multitude
Of voyagers upon time's restless stream,
Until a chance remark of yours imbued
A barren hour with life, and fired the dream
Of friendship that I deemed could never be,
And now my thoughts look backward to the time
That moment, like a flower, revealed to me
Its hidden gold, and set our hearts in rhyme.

How much of happiness lies in a glance,
Or random word, that like a sudden ember
Cleaves through the darkness like a golden lance,
Striking old beauty that two hearts remember!
You would have been a stranger still, to me
Had not one phrase unlocked infinity.

IN an essay on Leonard Cline, published in *The Bookman* (New York), Dorothy Teall quotes appreciatively this love lyric of a poet now dead:

STILL LIFE

BY LEONARD CLINE

Across our bed the shaded lamplight flows
And falls, a yellow silence, over you,
Over pillow and tufted quilt of blue;
And all your beauty perfect in repose
Lies here insentient, careless that I keep
My eyes upon you in a warm caress.
This is the purity of loveliness
Unused and unembarrassed. This is sleep. . . .

. . . all I know is this,
This body that withholds you like a gown,
This mask across the smile beneath your frown,
All that my arms have clasped, my mouth has kissed. . . .

And like a gentle wind the darkness blows
Out of the shoreless sea where stars careen
As bright and blind as ours, and worlds unseen
Grow tired like ours and seek at last repose.
To each my brother there that dims his light
And gazes for a little on the sky,
Silent for love and beauty, ere he lie
By his love's side to sleep; good night, good night!

THAT eternal mystery, Sleep, is the theme of an unusual lyric we find in *The New Republic* (New York):

MERCIFUL MEDUSA

BY WINIFRED WELLES

Sleep is a merciful Medusa, bending,
Under her sluggish and outrageous hair,
A steady gaze of bronze, superbly blending
All creatures in her one impersonal stare.

Bird, beast and man, worn out with lovely moving,
Seek her at night, forlornly and alone,
Cry to her to be pitilessly loving,
Look on her face and turn to grateful stone.

OUR attention has been called to a Browningesque monolog based on a mystical theme. Its author is the priest-in-charge of the Episcopal Church of the Transfiguration in Manchester, New Hampshire. His free-verse monolog appeared in *The Union* of that city:

THE PARABOLA

BY H. REYNOLDS GOODWIN

This curve I'm plotting? A parabola.
This point is called the focus; it's the point—
O no, not an ellipse. Ellipses have two foci:
Here, I'll show you one I've drawn.
You see the difference. These two lines of the parabola,
They stretch out wide and wider,
"World without end," as preachers say.
(I don't know what they mean; perhaps *they* don't;)
But you see how it goes.

There was a man—Sir Isaac Newton, I believe it was—
Who had the notion a parabola was an ellipse,
Its other focus at infinity.
You may not understand just what he meant;
You have to sort of take the thing on faith.
The keenest scholar can't quite picture it, you know.

I've often thought,
It might be called a symbol of man's life:
A curve of ever-widening sweep.
And here in this world
Is the focus we may call, say, temporal interests,
Food and drink and clothes . . .
But yet it cannot be that this is all;
For out beyond the reach of sight must be
Another point, a heavenly focus, see?
'Round which the sweeping curves of human life
Complete the ellipse.
Fantastic? Well, perhaps,
But yet the more I think of it . . .

And here—
Another thing I've often thought about:
Suppose we draw here two parabolas
With axes parallel, and let the arms cross—
"Intersect" the word is—at this point.
Now if there be a focus
Somewhere out beyond the bounds of space,
And these are two ellipses,
As Sir Isaac thought they were,
Why, don't you see, they'll intersect again
Somewhere out there.
Just as two lives that once have crossed,
Then gone their separate ways,
And one has disappeared long since into the void of death
May— But who knows? It's just a thought. . . .

Well, come again; I don't get callers often.
They don't see much in old folks nowadays,
And when a man's not only old, but got his head
Stuck always in a book of "Analyt——"!

Young people think I'm queer; they can't see why
A man that doesn't have to study graphs
Should plague his head; don't understand that such
Dry, dull things as a parabolic curve
May bring up mem'ries of a face that's gone.

IN the London *Spectator* we discover these vividly picturesque verses by a poet whose work is attracting no little attention in Great Britain:

THE PAGAN

BY RICHARD CHURCH

Once, on a burning August day
Along the plain of France,
I saw beside the poplared way
A gypsy maiden dance.

She had a hemlock in her hand,
Her eyes were wild with wine;
And round her shoulders bare and tanned
I saw a grass-snake twine.

Too often now, eyes closed in prayer
Among my Christian kind,
I watch that serpent-goddess flare
On the greensward of my mind.

A PENETRATING criticism of our machine age lies embedded in these lines from *The Bookman* (New York):

ZOETROPE

BY WILLIAM ROSE BENET

A round brown slitted drum whirled to the hand,
Queer figures jigged most curiously in motion.
A mere ingenious toy, a German notion,
The earliest cinema our childhood scanned.
Now garish pleasure-domes throughout the land
Exalt the films from west to eastern ocean,
Claiming full measure of the crowd's devotion,
Parading scenes from Nome to Samarkand.

All active life, even its very sound,
The whole wide world, caught in the camera's eye,
Moves on the screen; a marvel, and a bore.
Yet once that drum of cardboard twirling round,
That strip of printed figures flickering by
Wrought Merlin-magic on the nursery floor.

HERE is a curious sonnet to find lurking at the base of a column of the Philadelphia *Evening Bulletin:*

THE LAST SONNET

BY CHARLES BANCROFT

The earthly limitations that are mine
Have taught me that I cannot reach one star,
For which long years ago I did repine,
And worshipped there in ecstasy afar.
Sometimes at even'tide and morning, too,
In the soft twilight and at dawning day
When hopes were young and every dream seemed new
I thought that always life would be that way
But now I know the fragrant rose must die,
That from a heart a tender love will fade,
While often in an unexpected way
The things at which I laughed leave me afraid.
But tho' despair adds discord to my song
The vision of far better things inspires me on.

IN the Boston *Transcript* we find this picturesque seasonal lyric:

MOWING

BY AGNES CHOATE WONSON

There comes a breath of new mown hay—
Your father's fields were mowed today,
Just as they were long years ago
In childhood summer times of play.

By still, hot August sun, sweet dried,
Pink clover blooms milkweed beside;
And in the waning afternoon
Your father the hay rake would ride.

The sun is slipping o'er the hill;
They're piling up the hay, until
Long rows of haycocks shadows throw—
Your father's fields are fragrant still!

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SCIENCE AND INVENTION

Bottling Electric Heat

HOUSES HEATED BY WATER raised by electricity to temperatures above the boiling point, and stored in pressure tanks, are described by Guy Bartlett in a press bulletin issued by the General Electric Company (Schenectady, N. Y.).

The heating of the water is done in the middle of the night when electric plants are mostly idle, and can afford to make low rates. It gets hot enough to keep the house warm all day.

The cost, Mr. Bartlett asserts, has been brought within the reach of the average householder. He writes:

"Steinmetz predicted the coming of the electrical American when he talked of the electrical age, and foresaw houses without chimneys and cities without fires.

"Franklin, himself partly an electrical American, would discover many Americans to-day doing almost everything electrically, and he would find scarcely any American who did not do something electrically.

"Franklin would hasten—undoubtedly by airplane—from Philadelphia to Fort Wayne, Indiana, to see a home that was heated all last winter by an electrical heating system; and then would continue his air travels to Greenfield, Massachusetts, to inspect an office building similarly equipped."

TO-DAY, in the Fort Wayne dwelling, Mr. Bartlett asserts—a typical small frame house—Franklin would find every facility for an all-electrical dinner, to be cooked on an electrical range, using food preserved in an electrical refrigerator, and eaten in the comfortable atmosphere of electrical heat, if it chanced to be the winter season. The heating of the house electrically is the newest contribution to the all-electrical home idea. He proceeds:

"All last winter, from October 15 to April 15, this was accomplished with unfailing success, and the cost of thus warming 12,400 cubic feet of space in that particular house for that period was $155. Many people in northern regions are paying close to that to-day for fuel—with stoking, ash removal, dust, soot, and grime added as intangible but very definite items in the bill—the cost of an inconvenience and a burden, hitherto accepted as the proverbial 'necessary evil.'

"During the 'off-peak' period—and at no other time—electric current, passing through heating coils, heats the water in a large, well-insulated thermal tank to 250 degrees Fahrenheit. The tank holds 400 gallons in the small size, or 1,600 gallons in the large size. At this initial temperature, the heat of the water is easily maintained, even in the coldest weather, during the succeeding day and evening, or until the next period of reheating.

"The hot water is automatically circulated through the radiators as needed, and electric thermostats maintain the warmth of the rooms at a uniform temperature. If the house is heated by hot air, the hot water from the tank is circulated through an air heater and a fan blows air through this heater and then into the air passages of the house. Hot water for faucet use is provided by a separate tank."

POWER companies, we are told, have begun to recognize the opportunity offered by the plan, and already dwellings and office buildings are heated in this manner in Indiana, Pennsylvania, Florida, Georgia, Ohio, New Jersey, Virginia, West Virginia, and Massachusetts. In the latter State, one of the power companies installed the system in its own building at Greenfield, as evidence of its faith in the idea. To quote further:

"By this means, electrically heated houses have come to pass—heat without fire, hence without combustion to devitalize the air, and hence, also, without fuel and its attendant dust and ashes. The family has only two operations to perform—the snapping of a switch in the fall to put the system in operation and the snapping of the same switch in the spring to take the system off duty. In the interval, the family may go out of town and leave the house empty in the dead of winter with minds at ease so far as the matter of heat is concerned. The pipes will not freeze, nor will the house be 'as cold as a barn' upon their return."

War Inventions Due to Civilians

ALL THE GREAT BASIC CHANGES in war material and equipment have been due to civilians, says Joseph Rossman of the U. S. Patent Office, writing in *The American Journal of Sociology* (Chicago).

It is a strange fact, he finds, that these inventions are rarely made by Army and Navy officers.

And, furthermore, inventions stimulated by a war usually do not find their way into general use much before the next one. We read:

"Military men rarely invent basic war implements. They are usually made by the peaceful civilian inventors.

"John Ericsson, for instance, who invented the screw-propeller of the war-ship *Princeton*, in 1841, was not a naval officer. This invention led to the installation of engines and boilers below the water-line, bringing about the development of modern naval construction.

"Hiram Maxim, the inventor of the machine-gun, was not an Army officer.

"Gatling, the inventor of the important machine-gun bearing his name, was a real-estate dealer.

"Colt, who invented the Colt gun, was an American who worked in his father's textile mill.

"Dreyse, who invented the needle-gun which was so effectively used by the Prussians in the Franco-Prussian War, was a German locksmith and manufacturer of ironware.

"Fulton, Bushnell, Holland, and Lake, who made various submarine inventions, were outsiders to the Navy.

"According to B. Brown, great inventions produced in former wars were rarely utilized or appreciated at the time, and many years passed before they began actually to be used.

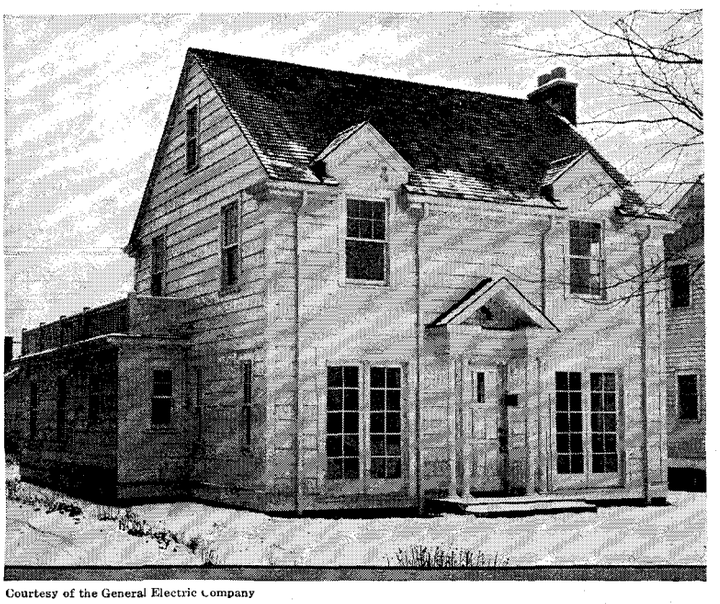
"David Bushnell, in 1777, made a submarine, but the Government refused to be interested in it. He spent all his money on this submarine and almost succeeded in blowing up a British ship.

"Fulton also received no encouragement in his submarine venture. In 1814, his steam war-ship *Demologos* was launched, but it was never used.

"Robert L. Stevens spent about two millions on an ironclad battery. It was never finished, on account of the many changes made by the Navy Department.

"Two decades later, the *Monitor*, built by Ericsson, definitely proved that Stevens was right.

"Muzzle-loading muskets were used during the greater part of the Civil War, altho the breech-loading rifle was perfected before the war."



Courtesy of the General Electric Company

Ben Franklin Would Be Happy Here

This "electrified house" in Fort Wayne, Indiana, not only has electric cooking, lighting, and refrigeration, but is ingeniously heated by a hot-water system using electric current in the "off hours" at a low rate.

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A Rubber-Belted Shark

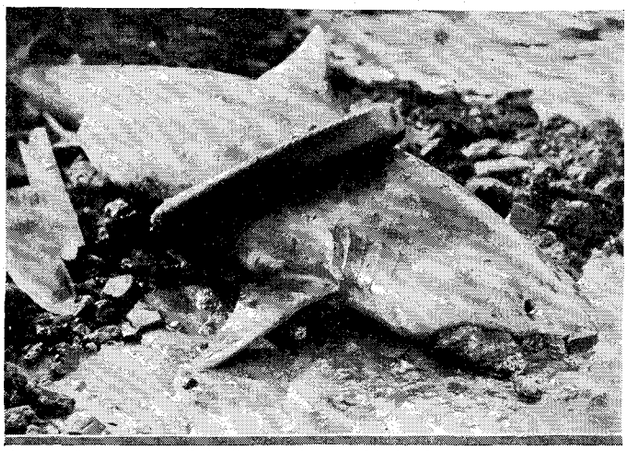
A SHARK, TIGHTLY BELTED with an old automobile tire, has been caught near Havana, Cuba.

How did the tire get there? Dr. E. W. Gudger, of the American Museum of Natural History, New York, thinks the tire was dumped into the sea with a lot of city refuse, and that the shark pushed his way through to get at something that he saw on the other side. Then he couldn't get it off.

Dr. Gudger tells us in *The Scientific Monthly* (Lancaster, Pa., September) that he has seen several smaller fish with rubber bands around their bodies. He received the accompanying picture, which appeared in the *Diario de la Marina* (Havana), from his friend, Dr. W. H. Hoffmann, of the Laboratorio Finlay of that city, together with a description which he thus translates:

"THE LAST CONTRIBUTION OF A RUBBER TIRE

"In the vicinity of the coast opposite Havana, where fishermen are navigating their small boats daily, two fishermen, when outward bound as usual, recently saw an enormous shark which was making a great disturbance at the surface of the water. It was unable to swim, and apparently remained stationary as if moored by an anchor at the bottom of the sea. The fishermen, actuated by curiosity and the desire to make a good catch, decided to approach the fish. When they did so they were surprized to see that it was a shark of the 'Alekrin' kind, about five meters long which had been caught by a rubber tire . . . which the owner had thrown into the sea, having decided to replace it by another.



Photograph from *Diario de la Marina* (Havana). Courtesy of the American Museum of Natural History

The Shark That Wore an Auto Tire

"This shark, one of the most voracious of its kind, seeing the circle of the rubber tire, had thrust its head into its center and there remained trapt in the manner in which we see it in the photograph.

"This placed it in a position to be easily captured, thanks to the rubber automobile tire. This latter, after having for many years rendered its service to an automobile, nevertheless cheers us with a last contribution—the deliverance from one of these terrible sharks."

The editor of *The Scientific Monthly* adds:

"Information has been hard to obtain, but the persistence of the junior author has finally produced some data.

"The shark was actually caught by two boys, who cautiously approached it as it was floundering along on the surface of Cojimar Bay.

"When they saw that it was practically helpless they approached nearer, and getting a lasso over its head brought it to shore, where they killed it after it had been photographed.

"Now the final question is how did the tire come to encircle the shark as is shown in the photograph? And at once we may dismiss the idea that it was placed there by the hand of man. No sane man is going to attempt to put an automobile casing over the head of a large, vigorous, savage shark, and to drive it back clear of the pectoral fins.

"We believe that the explanation is to be found in the following facts:

"As in New York, so in Havana, garbage, street cleanings, wastes of all kinds are collected, loaded on scows or barges, and these are towed out to sea and their loads dumped overboard. Sharks are scavengers, and they attend these scows to their unloading grounds to feed on garbage. When this with the automobile tire and other like débris was dumped overboard, our shark dashed into it to pick up what he could to ease his hunger. The open ring of the automobile tire confronted him with something edible beyond. Laying his pectoral fins close against his sides, he drove through to find himself stopt when his nonbendable dorsal fin struck the rim. Finding himself caught he became panic-stricken and pushed against obstacles to sweep this clinging thing free from his body—with the results that we have seen."

George Washington—Engineer

GEORGE WASHINGTON, WHOSE BICENTENNIAL is to be celebrated next year, could have achieved fame as an engineer but for the fact that his ability and achievements in this line were eclipsed by his renown as a victorious soldier and a wise statesman.

In an article contributed, under the above title, to *Power Plant Engineering* (Chicago), James Hay, Jr., thus justifies his assertion:

"When this country does homage to Washington in 1932 in commemoration of his 200th birthday anniversary, it will pay tribute to a man who, because of his interest in the then Western frontier, often explored the Blue Ridge and Allegheny Mountains and the territory beyond them so that he might map water routes and highways to improve transportation facilities between the West and the Atlantic seaboard.

"Before the Revolutionary War he had worked out in detail a scheme for using the Potomac River as a channel of commerce with the West, had formed the Potomac River Company to carry out the project, and was optimistic of its early success.

"In 1784, having won the war and retired to private life, he formulated precise plans for a gigantic project for transportation between the Great Lakes and the Atlantic Ocean. He succeeded in bringing into existence the James River Company and the Potomac River Company to carry out the plan, and was elected president of both companies.

"Then came a big setback to the progress of the undertaking. Washington, answering the unanimous call of his countrymen, became the first President of the republic, and naturally was obliged to leave the supervision of the company to others.

"As a result, its chapter of tragedies began. After struggling against financial handicaps and political opposition through the rest of Washington's life, the Potomac River Company collapsed.

"But this was not because there had been any shortcoming in Washington's vision or any defect in his plans to accomplish a gigantic improvement. The proof of this lies in the fact that the Chesapeake and Ohio Canal Company used the route which he had mapped, and still later, the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad Company, by following the same route, further vindicated his judgment. More than a quarter of a century after he had mapped the highway to serve as a portage across the Alleghenies, engineers of the United States Army, sent out to choose the best route for a road across this same watershed, ran its line less than a mile below the one he had suggested.

"Another great water transportation project which he foresaw, and the route of which he sketched, was the Erie Canal, a line of travel now utilized also by the New York Central Railroad.

"Having begun his lifework at the age of sixteen as a surveyor, Washington made use of that experience and his engineering knowledge at many different times during his later years. There was, for example, his lumbering operation in the Dismal Swamp, an expanse of spongy and flooded lands near Norfolk, Virginia. Again, on his Western trip in 1784, Washington went to what is now Berkeley Springs, West Virginia, to witness the demonstration of one of Rumsey's early experiments in propelling a boat with steam. His support and interest resulted two years later in the success of Rumsey's steamboat on the Potomac and, in 1792, a similar triumph on the Thames in England—all of which antedated Fulton's famous trip with the *Claremont* on the Hudson.

"Washington, a devotee of farming, lived at a time when agricultural implements were crude and unsatisfactory. To his active and resourceful mind this was a challenge which resulted in his devising an improved plow, inventing a drill, designing a new kind of threshing floor for his barns and, in the last years of his life, setting up a threshing-machine, which was a big improvement on the apparatus then used by the planters.

"The engineering profession, in view of all this, will naturally take a deep interest in the plans for the bicentennial."

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Pointers for Those Who Build

(8) Steel for Home Construction

JONES AND HIS ARCHITECT FRIEND Brown, strolling together down-town, stopt to see the new sky-scraper going up. Riveters' rat-a-tat-tat filled the air. Giant derrick arms dangled out columns and beams. Skilled workers slipt these into the fabric of the metal web. The big steel job moved ahead with perfect precision and coordination.

"Why can't they build a house with steel?" asked Jones.

"They can and do," replied Brown, and proceeded to tell his friend how.

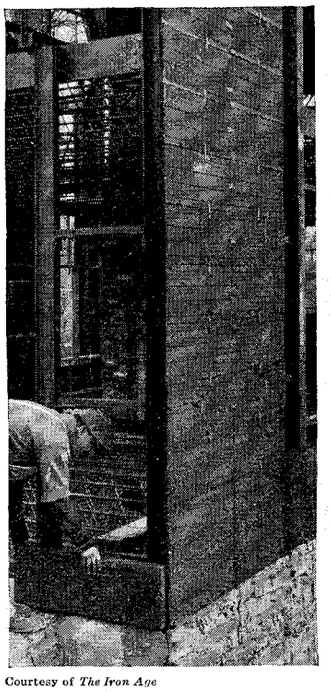
Thus we read in *Steel:*

"Builders of residences in the past few years have begun to apply the principles of sky-scraper construction to the erection of houses. The demand has been increasing for residences that are fireproof, substantial, durable, and economical."

But as Thomas J. Foster points out in *The Iron Age:*

"An improved construction can not be furnished at a moderate cost without a complete revolution in the method of assembly and erection. . . .

"The present waste in home building, which the Department of Commerce sets at 53 per cent., can be eliminated by the skilful assemblage of the right materials. The importance of the use of steel in relation to the private residence is in proportion to its ability to make possible an improved construction at a reduced cost."



Courtesy of *The Iron Age*

Steel Frame House With Cork Insulation

IN a statement prepared for THE DIGEST by American Institute of Steel Construction Inc., we are told that:

"To-day a number of designers are promoting standard framing for houses in which steel is to be used. Many of the first builders to attempt to use steel made the mistake of merely changing the material but not the structural design, however, and found that the cost of the materials more than offset the economies in erection with steel.

"House building has been, to a great extent, in the hands of speculators, and their sole desire has been to produce the best-appearing house for the least money. Hitherto steel frames have cost about three times as much as wood, and altho the frame is probably only one-tenth of the total cost of a house, this difference is more than enough to offset the increase in quality of the structure.

"Materials that must season or weather after erection always cause trouble and make constant repairs necessary. Steel is already seasoned before it comes to the job, and a steel frame will not shrink or warp or cause cracks in the plaster, nor will it settle; repairs are negligible. Also there is a growing demand for fireproof construction, and to attain that inflammable materials should be left out of the structure.

"Steel is not only the strongest building material known to man, but its composition in manufacture is as accurately controlled as the drugs upon the shelf of an apothecary. To be utilized economically only a sufficiency of steel should be used. To let steel replace a wood design, without redesigning to suit steel, is a highly uneconomical use of metal.

"Seemingly to obtain the most satisfactory results steel will compel the adoption of a new architectural style. The Germans have not hesitated to accept it. The flat roof can be most easily attained with a pleasing and practical architecture, and it is argued that the roof can be used as a terrace under an awning in the daytime, and open to the sky at night. This gives a utilized function to each part of the house. Only to a limited extent has this type of architecture yet found acceptance in the United States.

"In Chicago a steel frame was designed for a residence according to engineering principles. The steel was utilized to its best advantage without regard to what would have been the dimensions had the frame been in another material. The walls are brick veneer. The roofs are flat. An architect, Mr. Henry Dubin, designed the house for his own occupancy, and it was therefore significant that each part and every room was made to fill a definite function. Large casement windows in steel gave admission for light and air. In some instances the windows ran around the corner, this being possible in a steel frame design, as the floors and roofs can be cantilevered over the opening in the walls. In this house the Battledeck floor was used, an invention of the research department of this Association. This floor consists of steel plates welded to steel floor beams. Directly upon the top of the plate are placed different kinds of floors meeting requirements of the rooms. On the terraces an inlay of slate is used.

"Steel was produced commercially only about fifty years ago. The steel frame in a sky-scraper was first used in 1884 when the Home Life Insurance Company built its Chicago offices. The first sky-scrapers frankly copied the existing types of architecture. During the past two years, however, sky-scraper architecture has taken on a distinction, and it now seeks to attain a beauty through line and mass. The same architectural development is in process in the use of steel in residences. Longer spans, mezzanine floors and balconies, and different casements are now being introduced in houses as a result of using steel. Flat roofs are slow to follow."

SEVERAL types of steel framing, flooring, etc., have been designed while fabrication is accomplished with bolts or by welding.

The American Institute of Steel Construction, an organization of the steel construction industry, has been accumulating historical facts regarding steel in home building. The various steel designs used in the past and abandoned, and the designs now being used by builders throughout the United States, England, France, and Germany, and other important data, have been collected. The information is invaluable to those interested in development of the idea.

These data have been digested in a series of articles on the steel house in *The Iron Age* (New York), by Mr. Foster.

Radio "Feelers" for the "Akron"

WHEN the Navy's new monster dirigible, *Akron*, settles toward a landing field obscured by fog or cloud, she will not have to "go it blind," but will drop a radio-equipped "feeler" that will signal back to an automatically registering apparatus the atmospheric conditions in the unseen air levels below. Says a *Mail Report* of Science Service (Washington):

"The instrument was invented by a Russian scientist, Professor Moltschanov. It was designed originally for use in an entirely opposite direction, namely for sending aloft attached to small drifting balloons, to obtain meteorological information at high altitudes.

"It was intended especially for use in the Arctic and other unpopulated regions, where the ordinary meteorographic balloons, which depend on being picked up and sent back to headquarters by farmers and woodsmen, would of course be useless.

"It carries instruments to measure temperature, air-pressure and atmospheric moisture, and an automatic radio-sending apparatus, whose signals are picked up and recorded on a revolving drum by the receiving apparatus.

"The Navy has ordered two of Professor Moltschanov's sets, and expects to have them in use in a few months. In practise, the sending set will be dropt from the *Akron* on a long cable, to 'feel out' atmospheric conditions underneath, and inform the navigating officers whether there is clear air under a given cloud surface, or whether there is solid fog to the ground. Altho there will always be a solid connection between the *Akron* and the sending set, the atmospheric data will still be transmitted by radio, because it is simpler to handle it that way than to make electrical connections and receive the data up the suspending wire."

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PERSONAL GLIMPSES

Angling for Reptiles With Rod and Reel

WAS IT AN APPARITION? A stray fragment of desert mirage?

The motorist slowed down for a more careful look. He was driving along a highway through the Mojave Desert to Bakersfield, California. Through the shimmering air his strained eyes beheld what seemed to be a fisherman, plying his craft in the midst of the alkali waste.

It was miles and miles from a mud puddle.

The angler was all togged out for the sport. Good-looking trout rod, creel at his side, trousers tucked into high boots. Completely absorbed, he handled his rod as if he were playing a speckled beauty—in the burning dust among the crackly gray herbage!

Suddenly the motorist changed his mind and stept on the gas. It was no apparition, no mirage. Some madman must have wandered into the desert to gratify his delusion to the limit. Maybe he thought he was Izaak Walton. The car sped away and lurched out of sight in a smother of dust.

Photographs by John Edwin Hogg. Reproduced by courtesy of *Nature Magazine* (Washington, D. C.)

Playing a Lively Rattler

The fisherman smiled slightly to himself as he went on with his delicate job of trying to drop the slip-noose at the end of his line over the head of a fine specimen of *Crotalus Oreganus*, the Pacific rattlesnake. In his creel were a couple of Gila monsters.

HE was Willis Allan Rowe, president of the Herpetological Society of California. Such incidents had often happened during his expeditions since he had adopted the rod-and-reel method of capturing specimens. This one was to have a sequel.

"I'd been fishing through the sagebrush for possibly three hours when a big car rolled up from the direction of Bakersfield," he related to John Edwin Hogg, who writes of him in *Nature Magazine*. "Two big, husky chaps stept out and came toward me. They approached to within twenty feet, planted their hands in their pockets, and stood there watching me."

And presently:

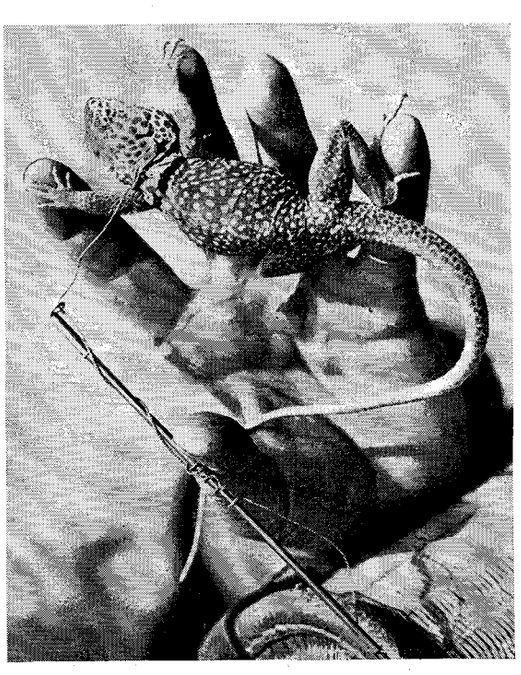
One of the men spoke.

"Well, Mr. Walton, you come with us, and we'll show you a stream where you can get bigger and better fish than you're getting here."

I replied to inform them I wasn't interested in fish. For a moment they stood there contemplating me. Then, the first speaker asked:

"If you're not interested in fish, what in the name of blazes are you up to—drest as you are, carrying a creel, and fly-casting around out here in this desert? If you're not the crazy man we came out here to get, you'd better name yourself before we throw the nippers on you and take you in. We're deputy sheriffs." It took me some twenty minutes to convince those deputies I was not a madman.

Eventually they realized from my conversation and my papers that I was sane, and drove away after apologies and admissions that the joke was on them.



A Dry Kind of Speckled Beauty

DESPITE the rod and reel, Mr. Rowe has had his share of snake-bites, but he has a somewhat radical philosophy on that subject, saying:

From more than two decades of reptile study I am convinced that the average person's inordinate fear of snakes plays an important part in many fatalities from bites of venomous species.

The bite of a rattlesnake, for instance, is unquestionably less dangerous to a person who is capable of controlling fear. In this belief, I speak from experience, for I have been bitten three times by rattlesnakes, and I am convinced that my cultivated ability to remain unafraid has had much to do with the fact that I'm alive to-day.

From the first two bites I responded to emergency treatment and recovered without serious consequences. The third episode was far more serious, however, for a large specimen of the Pacific rattlesnake had dug his fangs directly into a vein of my left hand.

Abnormal stimulation of my heart action from fear would undoubtedly have sealed my doom, but my knowledge of the danger helped steady my nerves, and I managed to pull through.

Now, contrast my experience with that of a man who had better remain nameless. I came upon a man and woman in dire distress. The man was lying beside the motor-car, apparently dying, and his wife, completely hysterical, was tearing her hair and screaming.

Finally I got out of her that her husband had been bitten by a rattler. I left her with Mrs. Rowe, and went to work on the man.

Carefully I hunted him over for marks of the fangs, but search as I could, I did not find them. I did find, however, a dozen terrible cholla thorns firmly embedded in the flesh of the thigh just above the knee.

Without saying anything to the others, I left the man and followed his footprints back to where he had tried to bring his wife and their car into the view-finder of his camera.

The last heel-marks ended directly against a wicked clump of cholla, and under the cholla was a luxurious growth of desert peas capable of rattling like a dozen snakes when touched.

Ten feet in front of the cholla lay the camera where it had been flung by the terrified man as he felt the pain of the cholla and heard the rattle of the peas on which he had stept. The psychological effect had been complete! He then rushed to his wife, threw her into hysterics and lay down to die from a rattlesnake bite.

Of course he did not die, but he was in bed for two weeks from a bad case of nerves and a heart attack induced by fear and shock.

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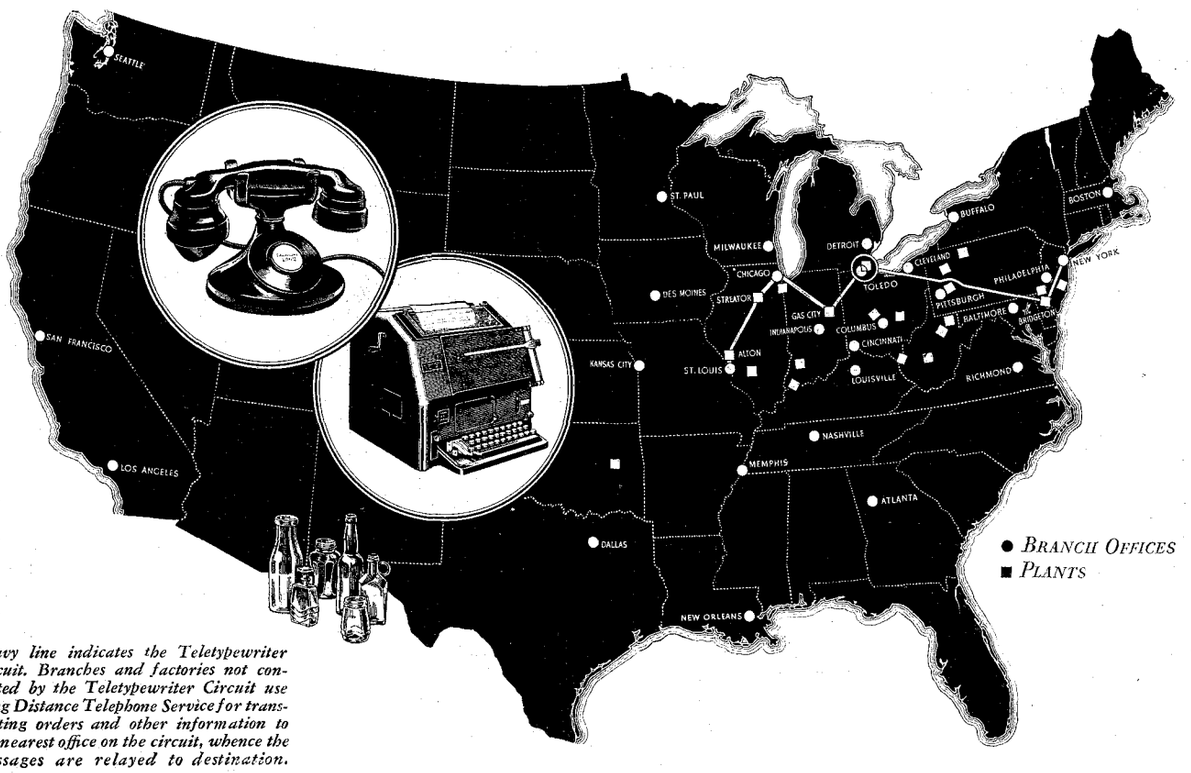
LONG DISTANCE



Heavy line indicates the Teletypewriter Circuit. Branches and factories not connected by the Teletypewriter Circuit use Long Distance Telephone Service for transmitting orders and other information to the nearest office on the circuit, whence the messages are relayed to destination.

and Teletypewriters help Owens-Illinois speed the sale and delivery of a billion bottles a year

ONLY through an efficient, diversified communications system is the Owens-Illinois Glass Company able to carry out successfully its widespread activities. Long Distance Telephone Service and Teletypewriter Service combine to give this nation-wide organization the speed and directness of a highly centralized unit. Headquarters at Toledo keeps in constant touch with factories and sales offices at fifty-one cities from coast to coast.

Teletypewriters connect 30 sales offices and 21 plants from Missouri to New Jersey. Points not included in the teletypewriter system use Long Distance for transmitting orders and other information to the nearest office connected with the system, from which the messages are relayed to destination.

The communications network gives the production department instantaneous supervision over the activities of any plant. Instructions for shipments are quickly transmitted, service to customers accelerated at every turn. In addition, Long Distance is used extensively by Owens-Illinois salesmen in covering and expanding their territories.

The Bell System has developed a Telephone Plan of Market Coverage to help its customers increase their business and cut costs. The plan is adaptable and its features* can be custom-fitted to the needs of any business, whatever its size. An experienced telephone representative will show you, without obligation, how they can be adapted to a special plan for aiding *your* company.

*THE KEY TOWN PLAN lets salesmen contact more people at less expense. They visit certain key cities in person and conduct their business in nearby towns by telephone.

SEQUENCE CALLING LISTS enable a person to make a number of telephone calls in quick order. The operator has a new connection ready as each call is completed.

CREDIT CARDS make it unnecessary to carry cash for telephoning. They also provide helpful records of contacts.

OUT-OF-TOWN NUMBER BOOKS are prepared by the telephone company from names furnished by the subscriber. They make it easy to get out-of-town connections quickly.

THE COLLECT CALL PLAN brings business when salesmen's visits are intermittent. Customers are urged to telephone orders and other important matters at the selling company's expense.

TELEPHONE REMINDERS are attached to outgoing sales correspondence and other material. They include gummed labels and cuts which give the business company's telephone number and other information.

JUST CALL YOUR BELL TELEPHONE BUSINESS OFFICE

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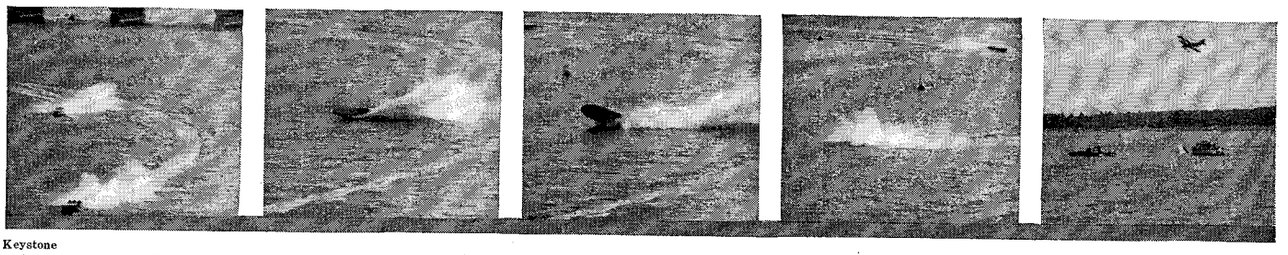


Keystone

How the World's Fastest Boat Came a Cropper: a Flying Movie-Camera Record

Explanation—1. Gar Wood (foreground) finishing the first turn. Kaye Don hard on his heels. 2. "Miss England II" makes a sharp turn, perhaps from a skid, or to gain distance, or to avoid the leader's big wave (seen in the foreground). 3. The British boat leaps as Don gives her the gun. "Miss America IX" has sped out of sight. 4. "Miss England II" is barrel-rolling in a smother of foam. Gar Wood's second entry, "Miss America VIII," is beginning the turn (right-hand upper corner). 5. "Miss England II" is sinking, her bow in the air, as rescue boats arrive.

Fighting the Battle of the Harmsworth Trophy Over Again

AND AGAIN, AND YET AGAIN! "He did." "He didn't." "It was this way." "It was that way."

Over and over. "A smart Yankee trick, and the trophy stays in America." "Far better it had gone." "Be a patriot." "Be a sport."

Still on and on goes the argument as to whether an unfair trick was played on Kaye Don, driver of *Miss England II*, when Gar Wood, almost ten seconds in advance of the starting gun for the second heat of this year's Harmsworth trophy race in the Detroit River, drove *Miss America IX* across the starting line at racing speed, followed by the quick-on-the-trigger English boat.

Result: the disqualification of both boats for their premature start, and the awarding of the race to Mr. Wood's second entry, *Miss America VIII*, after she had taken a solitary walk around the course for the second heat, and another one next day for the third heat, while the British boat, which had come to grief soon after the false start, lay at the bottom of the river.

Hence the swelling controversy over these ticklish points:

1. Whether Mr. Wood intended to lure his competitor across the line too soon, thus throwing the race to the other Wood boat.

2. If he did, whether the maneuver was justifiable according to the ethics of sportsmanship.

3. Whether the awarding of the race to *Miss America VIII* should stand.

As to the first point, Mr. Wood is described in the Detroit papers as showing distress—the Associated Press says that he wept—over the wide-spread imputation that he had planned the double fiasco as his one chance of keeping the Harmsworth trophy in America. He is quoted as saying that he had been misunderstood by the Detroit reporters, the Associated Press, and other correspondents, when they represented him as boasting of his strategy after the event, shouting to spectators:

"IT was an old Yankee trick that did it."

Mr. Wood explained that the "old Yankee trick" was getting the lead over his rival in crossing the line.

It was at the first turn that *Miss England II* met misfortune in the complex of steep waves plowed up by her fleeing competitor—leapt out of the water, flipped over in a barrel-roll, and ended with a tail-dive to Davy Jones's local locker, giving Kaye Don and his two mechanics a deep dousing and some minor injuries.

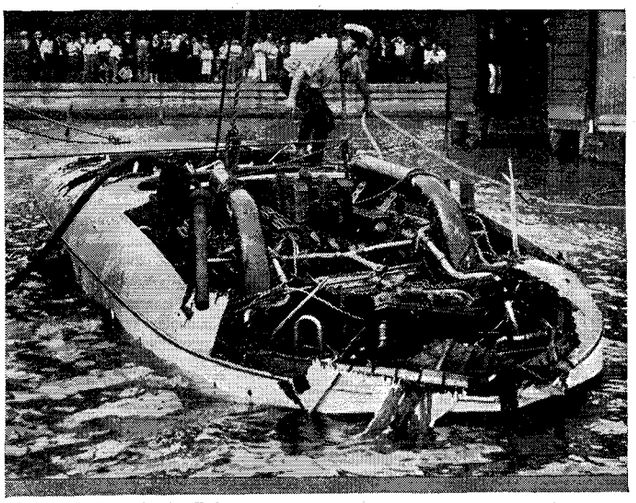
But that mishap, it is agreed by aquatic experts on both sides of the argument, does not enter into the main questions at issue. It might have happened had the start been a legitimate one, with the American boat crossing the line some seconds in the lead, as it did. Gar Wood had ridden in his rival's wash throughout the first heat on the previous day, and he adduces that fact to explain his great anxiety to get over the line with a good start—an anxiety which, according to his second statement, betrayed him into the premature crossing.

The Harmsworth rules permit the starting gun to be anticipated by five seconds, but no more.

Kaye Don knew nothing of the false start or the disqualification of the two boats until after he had been fished out of the water.

HIS misadventure and fortunate escape recall the fact that his compatriot and rival speed-king, Sir Henry Segrave, was killed in an accident to *Miss England II* on Lake Windermere, England, over a year ago. But on that occasion, Mr. Don explains, the boat struck a piece of sunken wreckage. She ranks as the fastest boat in the world, with a record of 110 miles an hour.

Mr. Don himself is credited by Detroit observers with being the only tranquil person in the midst of the raging controversy. He refuses to utter a word of blame or criticism, and refers to his disappointment as "just the luck of the game." His demeanor toward Gar Wood since the Harmsworth fiasco has been friendly and unaffected.



Photograph by Rosenfeld, New York

Davy Jones Had to Give Up his Prize

"Miss England II" after being fished up. Her deck is the worse for being smacked on the water, but her engines are intact.

The aquatic dignitaries of Detroit presented Mr. Don, on behalf of the Yachtsmen's Association of America, with the Weything trophy for the fastest speed ever made on the Detroit River. [That was in the first heat, when *Miss England II* ripped around the 30-mile course at over 93 miles an hour].

MANY complimentary things were said about the Briton's sportsmanship. Gar Wood stood near him during the ceremony, and was the first to grasp his hand and congratulate him.

On the same day Mr. Wood issued a statement denying the reports of the previous day that he had boasted of

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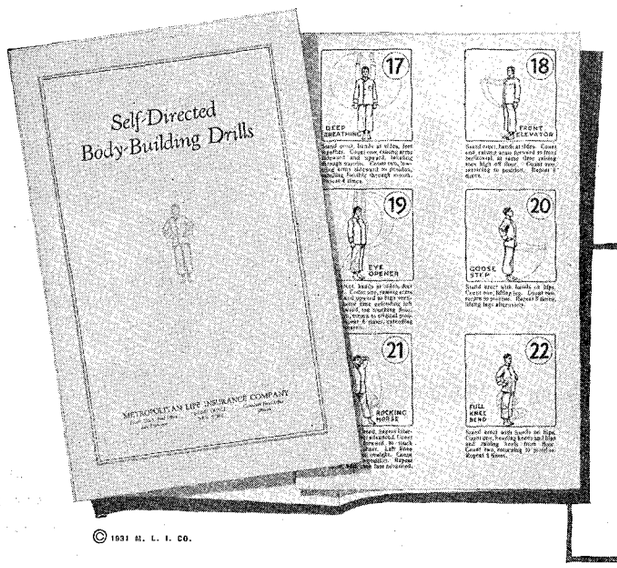
Join the Tower Health League



More than a million people have sent for copies of "Self-Directed Body-Building Drills" and Exercise Charts. Each week thousands of letters come to the Metropolitan Tower telling how proper exercise has brought better physical and mental health to the members of the Tower Health League—the biggest gymnasium class in the world. From the Metropolitan Tower special radio exercises are broadcast in fifteen minute periods every morning except Sundays and holidays. You may choose your own class each morning at whatever time is convenient, between 6:45 and 8:00 A. M.

Metropolitan Life Insurance Co., Dept. 1031-L
One Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Please send me a free copy of "Self-Directed Body-Building Drills" containing diagrams and descriptions of the 32 exercises planned for the members of the Tower Health League.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....State.....

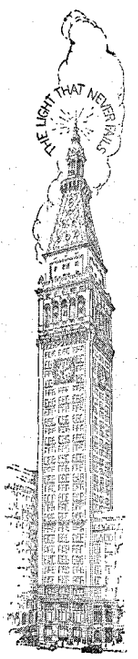
SIT up straight, take a deep breath and promise yourself three things—better health, better appearance and a greater capacity for success.

The chances are that you have more brains than brawn and, like many others, lack the physical tone needed for your work whatever it may be.

Perhaps you will say, "I get enough exercise and I haven't the slightest desire to have big, bulgy muscles." Bulgy muscles are not essential to good health. Occasional week-end games will not develop the physical tone that comes only from regulated daily exercise the year round.

The muscles you use each day are not the ones which need exercise. Those you do *not* use need it. If you will begin stretching them this autumn, you will soon enjoy a sense of mental and physical well-being and be better fit to meet changing seasons.

Will you try a few experiments in order to find out how many of your muscles are very much in need of exercise? Give yourself fifteen minutes of intelligent muscle-stretching in your own room. Within twenty-four hours you will know which important muscles have been neglected.



Where vacuum cleaners and electric washing machines have replaced brooms and washboards, and automobiles have made long walks unusual, many a good muscle has gone soft. Muscles intended to be used in chopping wood, pumping water, digging, planting, rowing and swimming are likely to be forgotten by those who burn gas or fuel oil, turn faucets, have no gardens and seat themselves comfortably in power boats or motor cars.

Wake up the little-used muscles which need exercise. Your heart is a muscle and the walls of your blood-vessels, stomach and intestines are largely muscle. If your diaphragm—a muscle—is not exercised, your lungs can do only part of their work and the abdominal organs will become sluggish because they lack the stimulating massage which an active diaphragm gives.

No one who has any organic weakness should exercise without the advice of a competent physician. Misdirected or too violent exercise may be harmful. Proper and intelligently directed exercise promotes health for young and old and enables them to get more joy out of life.

METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY
FREDERICK H. ECKER, PRESIDENT — ONE MADISON AVE., NEW YORK, N. Y.

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engineering the false start. As quoted in the Detroit *News*, he explains:

"What was in my mind was this: To beat Kaye over the line. Orlin Johnson, my mechanic, handles the throttle. He gives the motors the gas. I do not. I had told Orlin that he was to beat *Miss England II* over the line.

"'That's an order,' I told him. 'We are to be first over. Remember that.'

"I wasn't looking at my watch, neither was Orlin. We weren't watching clocks nor listening to guns. We were watching *Miss England II*, and as we came down the river from Grayhaven toward the start we took the inside of the course, near the buoys and Orlin gave *Miss America IX* the gun.

"We shot ahead of Don, who also was under way and tearing for the line. To stay in front, Orlin opened her up some more. We went over the line first, as we planned, and we were only two seconds ahead of Don, so it is plain that if we were to be the first across we had to beat the gun whether we wanted to or not.

"I want it clear that it was only in trying to beat the English boat to the line that we unfortunately rushed into disqualification not only ourselves, but our rival.

"There is no question in our minds but that, had there been no disqualification, we, having gained the lead, would have won the race. We had jacked the hull and actually bent it down three inches overnight, and we reinforced it. In doing so we improved its riding qualities 100 per cent.

"We were fast; I think as fast if not faster than the British boat. I say this because we turned up to 2,700 r. p. m.'s on the back stretch after leading Don around the turn.

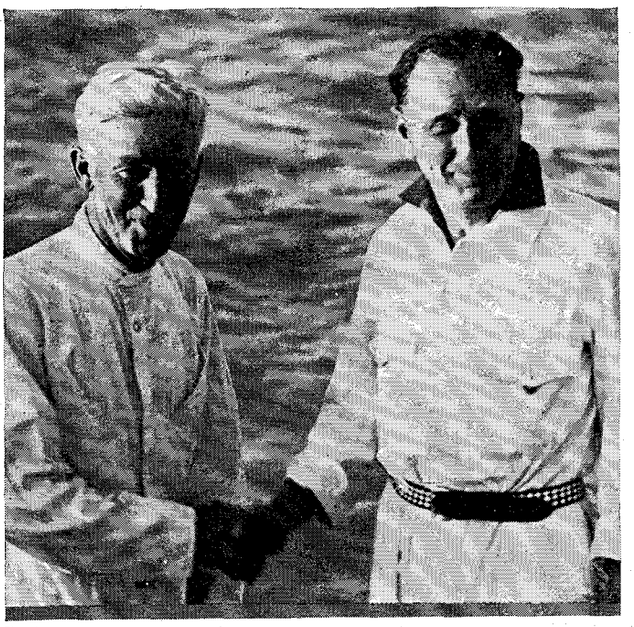
"When we saw the regrettable mishap that caused *Miss England* to sink, we, of course, shut down, but with reduced speed we averaged better than 91 miles an hour for the lap. That means we were doing 110 miles an hour at least somewhere along that back stretch.

"That explains the start, I think. Obviously it was the inevitable result of our determination to get over the line first, but there was nothing more to it than that.

"As for the 45-minute postponement I requested, and which Don refused, I want to say that it was a nettling thing.

"It was necessary for me to ask for the 45-minute postponement because an hour before the race we discovered a six-inch crack in one of our gas tanks, and we needed the time to repair it safely and properly.

"When the delay was refused we soldered it hurriedly, but John Brewer, one of my loyal mechanics, was taken from the hull unconscious. We left the boat well with less than five minutes to make the line, and no one was more surprized than myself that in leading Don over we had beaten the gun."



Keystone

No Hard Feelings When Good Sports Meet

Gar Wood (left) congratulates Kaye Don on his winning of the first heat on the day before the smash.

MR. DON'S reasons for not granting the 45-minute postponement requested by Mr. Wood are quoted by *The News* thus:

He explained that to start *Miss England II* is a difficult task. A half-hour before the race the lubricating oil has to be heated to a 90-degree temperature and poured in.

"Had I agreed to the 45-minute delay," Kaye said, "I would have had to be towed back across the river from the yacht club, drain out my oil, wait and then reheat it, repour it, and again be towed across to the start.

"I might not have been able to do all that in 45 minutes. I wasn't sure. If Mr. Wood had only one boat, I certainly would have consented, but he had two boats."

In the same newspaper we are given this lively account of the reactions among the spectators of the fiasco:

Divided opinions on Gar's strategy manifested itself almost immediately, crowds on the dock of the Detroit Yacht Club expressing themselves fervently for and against the tactics.

"It takes more than a boat to beat Gar Wood," was the terse comment of a lake captain.

"Just the old hidden ball trick."

"Gar pulled Michigan's old '83' play."

"They may have faster boats in England, but we have the smarter pilots."

These were some of the pro-Wood comments.

But the antis were in voice also. Don was entitled to a better break, they said, and they were sorry he didn't get it.

A woman stood on the deck of her power yacht, and almost hysterically denounced an official of the race for disqualifying Don.

Two post-tragedy figures were employees of the yacht club trudging back from the end of the main dock up the long walk to the club-house. They were bearing the Harmsworth trophy.

The trophy had been brought down in front of the judges' stand, because all thought the race would be a formality, that Don would win, and the idea had been conceived of presenting it to Kaye immediately after the race. In fact, the plan was to hand Gar the trophy and let him present it while cameras snapt and films were reeled off.

As the arguments grew in numbers and in volume, the two trophy-bearers were seen moving with it in measured step, not unlike the tread of pallbearers, taking it back to the club, where it has been since 1920, and where it will stay, at least for another year.

ACCORDING to a Canadian press dispatch from Toronto, which we quote from the New York *Herald Tribune*:

An international commission in possession of the knowledge that Gar Wood was going to try to cross the line ahead of Kaye Don and trick his opponent into following suit, but a commission, impotent to warn Don, was pictured here to-day by W. D. Edenburn, chairman of the race committee for the Harmsworth Trophy race and sole American representative on the commission.

"I was at Gar Wood's boat well before the race," he said. "Gar was incensed at Don's refusal to permit a postponement. He told me he was going to cross the line before the gun."

"And was there nothing you could do about it?" he was asked.

"Can you imagine trying to argue a man like Gar Wood out of anything? There he was, his nerves at white heat, sixteen men working like mad to get the boat ready for the race. I had only a few minutes."

"Couldn't you have warned Don that Wood was going to cross the line, or tell his manager, Sturm?"

"There was no time. Don, by that time, was out in the middle of the river, and there was no time to tell Sturm.

"Don fell into the trap. According to the rules governing the contest, there was nothing illegal about Wood's tactics.

"Gar also took the long chance of the Englishman not following him. In that case, Wood himself would have been disqualified, and the trophy would have been lost to America. Wood knew well the contumely which would have fallen on his head then."

EDITORIAL strictures on Mr. Wood's sportsmanship have appeared in the papers of Detroit and other parts of the country. On the other hand, his strategy has found warm defenders. Canadian papers show some bitterness. The London press is inclined to treat the affair cautiously. The London *Star* says:

"We are glad to see that Kaye Don is not complaining about the methods of Gar Wood in defeating him. That will commend him to the large mass of Americans whose sporting standards are those of the civilized world. It will deprive those who approve of Gar Wood's methods of an additional chuckle, which we would hate to have them enjoy. The race failed

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entirely as a test of the fastest boat. It is shown clearly, as everybody admitted, that Kaye Don could win 'on the straight.' If any one wants to 'indict a nation' because of Gar Wood's methods, they should remember that it is from the lips of his own countrymen that his condemnation comes."

AMONG Mr. Wood's defenders is Damon Runyon, who writes in the sports department of the New York *American:*

After all, Mr. Don must have known that it was no start until the gun popped. He could have waited for the signal, Mr. Gar Wood would have been disqualified, and Mr. Don could then have gone on and licked Mr. George Wood like breaking sticks.

Mr. Don is getting all the sympathy, and Mr. Gar Wood all the abuse, but I never heard of any condolences for a baserunner who got caught napping off first by a crafty pitcher.

In similar vein the New York *Daily News* says editorially:

Wood is a shrewd old Yankee boat-builder. In a boat-race his object is to win. Motor-boat racing is called a sport.

One of the objects in any other sport we can think of—baseball, football, horse-racing, boxing, wrestling, tennis, even chess—is to lead your opponent into some position where you can crack him. That's called good strategy.

Nor is Don's boat proved by this incident to have been the better race-boat. It turned over in Wood's wake. A good motor-boat should be built with a view to being in somebody's wake now and then. Wood stayed right-side up in Don's wake for thirty miles during the first heat. Any boat is apt to get into a bad wake in a race. British builders and drivers of racing-boats should take this into account.

SUMMING up the case in a judicial mood, the New York *Herald Tribune* remarks:

The tactics by which the Harmsworth speed-boat trophy was retained for America at the recent Detroit regatta smacks very strongly of teamwork and very little of sportsmanship. It is likely to arouse abroad the feeling that further competition for this prize is not worth the risk.

Nevertheless the representative of Lord Wakefield, owner of *Miss England II*, forecasts the probability that she will turn up here again next summer, repaired and tuned up, to have another try at lifting the Harmsworth trophy. And the New York *Sun* tells us that:

A tentative "feeler" from a London paper as to whether Gar Wood would be willing to race Kaye Don on the other side of the Atlantic brought an emphatic affirmative from Wood to-day.

"Gladly," he cabled the editor of *The Sunday Chronicle*, who had queried him.

Betty Carstairs, British speed-boat pilot, thrice defeated by Wood in Harmsworth races, issued a statement, declaring:

"Certainly, under no pretext whatever, can it be claimed that the race was lost to England through any unsportsmanlike act on Mr. Wood's part. I am English, and, naturally, I was hopeful England would lift the trophy in the recent race.

"Gar Wood is a hard opponent, keen to win. He does everything in his power to gain victory. I do not think he is any better or worse than anybody else in regard to sportsmanship. We all try to win."

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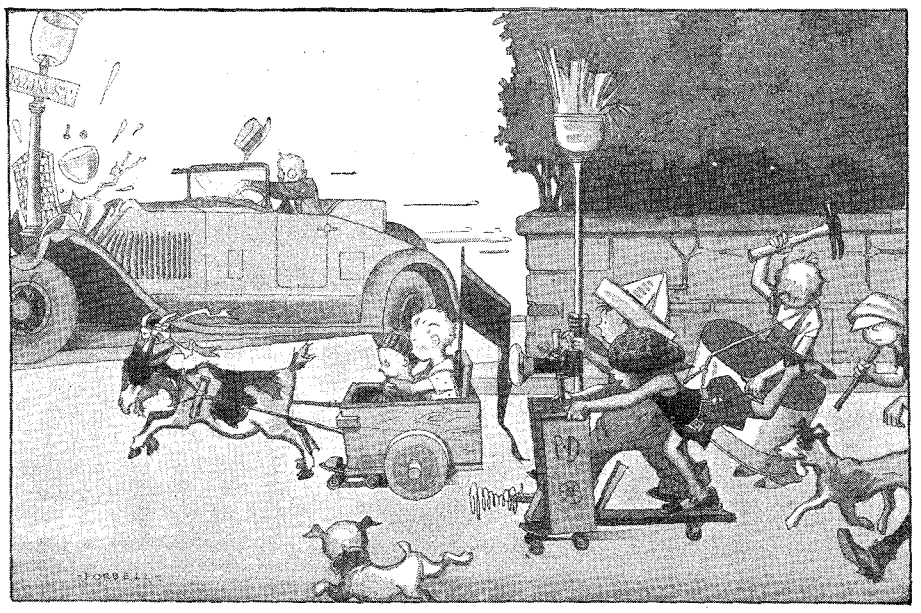
what's around the corner!



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His Trousers Are Like Tilden's--So Is His Tennis

THOSE FLANNEL TROUSERS missed the tops of his shoes by a good three inches.

When Henry Ellsworth Vines, Jr., strode on to the court at Forest Hills to compete for the national tennis singles championship, a ripple of amusement spread through the crowd of ten thousand or more tennis fans gathered there to witness the "battle of half a century."

"Perhaps it was the Tilden influence," remarks Michael J. Foster in the New York *Evening Journal*. "Big Bill's trousers were always inches short of his shoes."

At the end of that contest with George Martin Lott, Jr., the tennis world was certain that the comparison did not end with those trousers. The sensational playing of the nineteen-year-old stripling from Pasadena, California, announced the advent of a new Tilden with "dynamite in his racquet."

He seemed like a country boy playing a city fellow, says John Kieran in the New York *Times*—this lank, long-legged, solemn-faced lad with a frozen expression. Here, according to the same paper, is how he won that great crowd of enthusiasts:

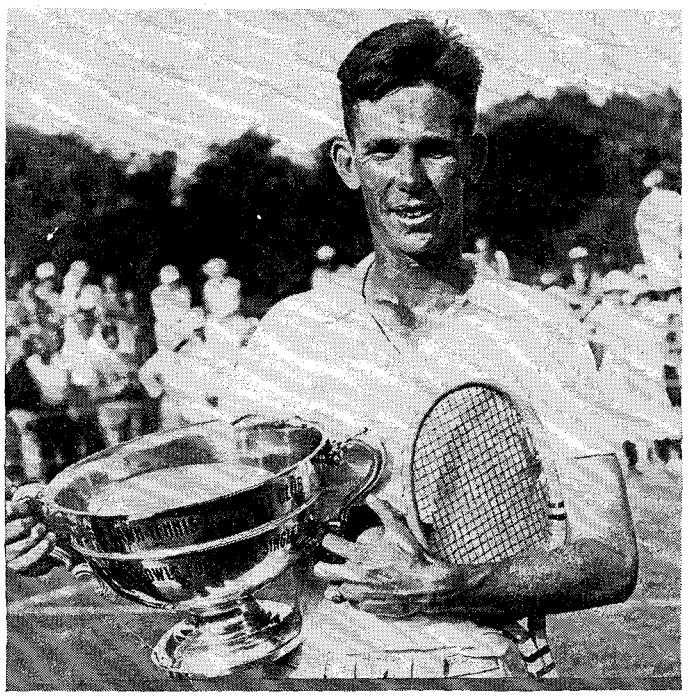
He dropt the first set on errors, and in the third set often had the hearts of his followers in their mouths.

But he won that by sticking to his daring, smashing style of play. In the fourth set his feat with the score 2 to 5 against him, in taking the set 7—5 is the sort of thing which only real champions can do.

His tall, lank figure, with an unsmiling face, has swum into the ken of tennis enthusiasts to stay. Unlike some of his predecessors, he has no showmanship.

He simply mows down his opponents with shots like machine-gun fire.

The relentlessness of fate appears to be in the eye and hand of Tilden's latest successor.



Keystone

When the "Frozen Expression" Thawed

WRITING in the same daily, Allison Danzig tells why, in his opinion, "Slim" Vines emerges as the outstanding hope of the tennis world to-day:

The whole tennis world, or at least the major part of it, is familiar by now with the fact that he has the most devastating drive in amateur competition; that, along with his meteoric speed off the ground, his annihilating service and overhead smash, he combined a repertory of strokes second to none in the game to-day.

No one player has arisen on the American scene during the past decade whose play has so fired the imagination of the tennis public, or who has come so close to attaining the stature of a national idol.

They have compared him to McLoughlin in the ferocity of his kill; to Johnston in the paralyzing speed of his forehand (tho his is a flat, Eastern forehand while "Little Bill's" was a Western top-spin drive); to Tilden in the full-rounded efficacy of his game in general and in the potency of his backhand and service in particular.

Most striking of all in his resemblance to Tilden is his faculty for lifting his game to Olympian heights in a crisis, regardless of the opposition, as he did against George Lott.

Nothing perturbs him, nothing interrupts his concentration or distracts his attention to make him lose sight of his goal. Neither adversity nor the perversity of the breaks of the game can stampede him out of his self-possession. This is why he can make so many bad errors and still come through to victory.

A yet greater Vines will be seen in the years ahead, with his acquisition of more control. Master of himself, he needs only to get more thorough mastery over his magnificent armory of weapons to take his place definitely among the immortals of American tennis.

LOTT put the boy from Pasadena under cruel pressure. That solemn expression froze on the lad's dour face, the sports writers tell in their picturesque verbiage, as "Slim" saw so many of his leads wiped out as the result of his own errors, and despite the streaks of brilliance in his playing.

Now he was confronted with a new crisis. Lott was playing so coolly, with such superb tactical perfection, Fred Hawthorne writes in the New York *Herald Tribune*, "that it did not seem within the range of human possibility at that stage to halt his progress."

Then something happened.

It happened first of all, the tennis experts tell us, in the mind of that stripling from the West coast. As Paul Gardner of the New York *American* analyzes this crucial moment in tennis history:

Anybody else than Vines would have wavered and unconsciously confessed himself beaten after the exhibition by Lott in the introductory session.

Vines did not give up hope for a moment, and, heckled by the looping drives and volleys of Lott, nevertheless braced to pull out the laurels in a fourth set that is not easy to forget.

HERE is Mr. Hawthorne's account of "one of the most searingly brilliant uphill battles ever seen on an American court":

The stripling from the Pacific shore began to reel off shots that were absolutely unbeatable.

Marvelous backhand volleys straight down the side lines, and so deep that Lott was continually back on his heels trying to keep the ball in play; astonishingly severe smashes for spectacular kills, and forehand and backhand drives that flew barely over the net at blinding speed came in an unending stream from Vines's flashing racquet.

Lott, fighting as he has never fought in a match, met the full fury of the Californian's challenge, and courageously but vainly attempted to stem the tide.

He forced many of these fierce duels to great lengths, the play ranging all over the court, and both men bringing off brilliant shots.

But Lott's splendid stroking, his determination, his surprizing grip on his nerves and temperament were alike in vain before the savage onslaught of his younger, slender rival.

Step by step Vines fought back to even terms at 5—all.

In the ninth game the new champion broke through Lott's formidable service, aided by four of the most perfect acing shots ever seen at Forest Hills.

Three times Vines met Lott's powerful delivery on his backhand, and shot the ball back twice straight down the side line as Lott came running up the center, racquet poised for a kill, and once receiving in the right-hand court, at a daring angle across court, for an amazing placement ace.

On his fourth winning point, Vines came through with an acing volley, cut off short at the net.

Lott is not accustomed to seeing an opponent ace him three

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times out of four off service, and it must have shaken his poise.

Yet he refused to allow it to affect his own game, and went back into the next duel courageously.

Vines knew no restraining hand at this stage.

He won the tenth game, for 5—all, scoring three of his four points on a perfectly timed lob that sailed low over Lott's head, to land squarely on the baseline, an unbeatable overhead volley almost parallel to the net, and a forehand drive deep into Lott's court and almost on the side line.

ALTHO he was being swept to defeat in spite of every resource he could command, continues the *Herald Tribune* writer, Lott never failed to pay tribute to his opponent's brilliance, often calling out, as he was left flat-footed in court while the ball flew past him: "Wonderful shot!" or "Oh, what a shot!"

Paul Gardner, of *The American*, thus estimates the future of the new champion:

Vines is prepared, ready, and eager to perform in Davis Cup competition in 1932. If his improvement within the year is as amazingly rapid as his advancement from 1930 to 1931, France will be dangerously close to relinquishing the most famous of international tennis prizes.

Not since William Tilden and William Johnston has such an outstanding player appeared on the American horizon. With more experience he will be—by 1933 or so—an even proposition against a Henri Cochet.

The manner whereby Vines downed Berkeley Bell, of Austin, Texas; Fred Perry, of England, and George Lott, of Philadelphia, in the three concluding rounds was so impressive as to be unique.

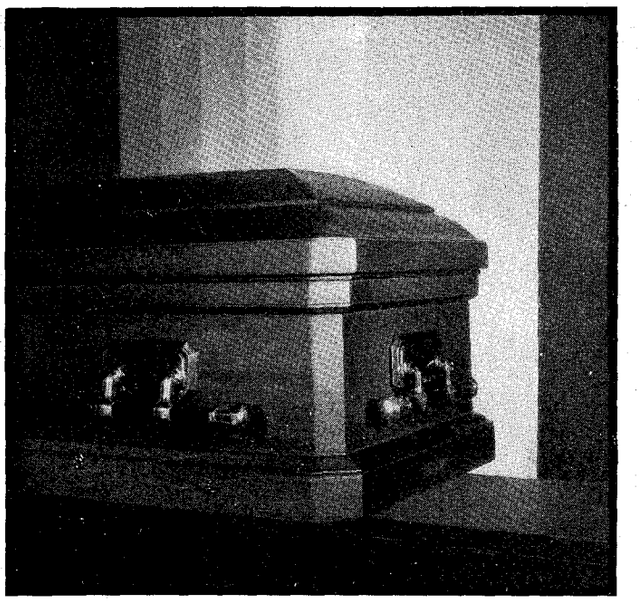
Still wild because of his undergraduate exuberance and a gambler in his stabs for the lines, the University of Southern California sophomore always seems to steady at the critical stages.

SOME of this wonder boy's past training is sketched in an Associated Press interview with his proud father, under a Walla Walla date-line. The boy, who is a student at the University of Southern California, began to swing a tennis racquet at the age of six, we read. Furthermore:

"My boy has the personality needed to carry him along in sports, but what is more, he has the fire and ambition, plus the ability, as evidenced by his great play this season. Seven major championships in one season are unusual, particularly for a nineteen-year-old boy. I don't know where he has gained the stamina to stand the strain. He is six feet one, and weighs only 160 pounds, being of the wiry type.

"He will be twenty years old in November. Four years ago he set out on a definite campaign, at the suggestion of his coach, and each year he has carefully followed that plan.

"His ambition is to make the Davis Cup team, and after what he has done it hardly seems he will be left off next season. He was approached two years ago with an offer to turn professional, but declined. The Davis Cup honors mean much to him. Also, he is only a sophomore in college this year, and first he wants to earn his degree."



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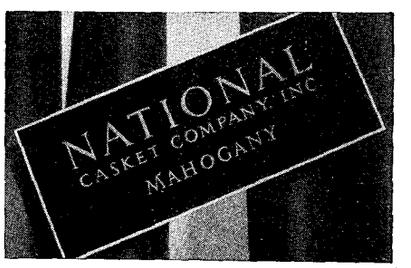

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Twenty Grand Is Now One of the Immortals

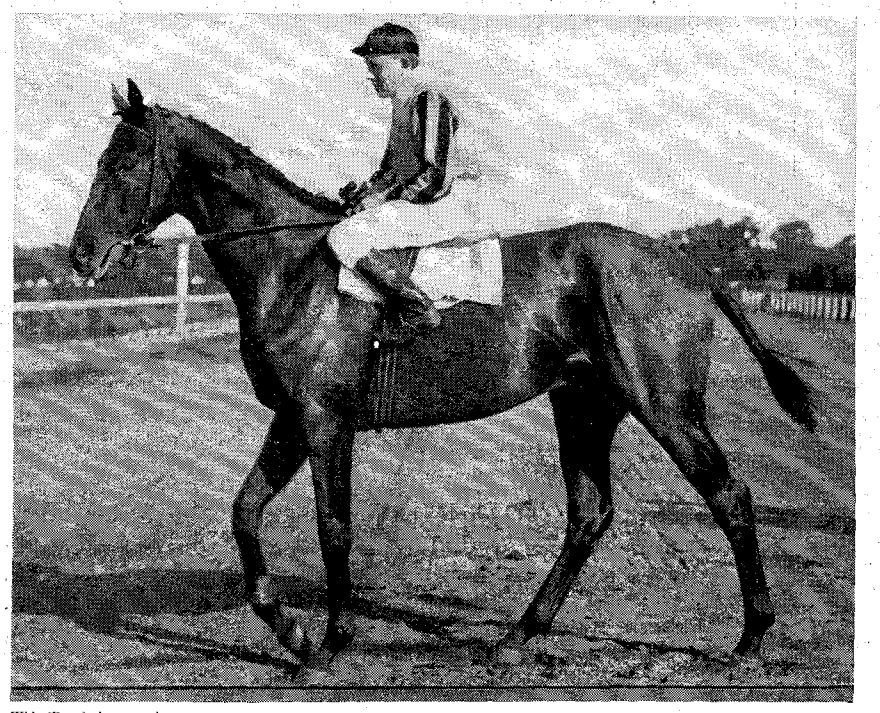
HE HAS WON HIS WAY at last, by common consent of turf authority, into the deathless company of historic horses whose names are starred like talismans in turf history.

Man o' War is of that company. Gallant Fox is of it. Twenty Grand joins them as a younger brother, a neophyte in the equine pantheon.

A great horse is almost as rare as a great man, they say, and greater than a great horse is a super-horse.

Twenty Grand is now definitely and unanimously acclaimed a member of that Brahmin caste of his tribe.

He settled the matter for good and all when he romped home to victory in the Realization Stakes at Belmont Park the other day, winning $29,700 for his owner, Mrs. Payne Whitney, and raising his total earnings in a brief career of seventeen races to $249,525.



Wide World photograph

All Set for His Realization Victory: Twenty Grand at Belmont Park, Charlie Kurtsinger Up

His time for the mile and five-eighths was 2:41 1-5, just two-fifths of a second less than Man o' War's record scamper in 1920, and duplicating Gallant Fox's performance last year when he was extended to the limit to beat Questionnaire—by a nose.

ONLY a super-horse could have done what he did, or could have won such a tribute as this, in the editorial columns of the New York *Herald Tribune:*

> Man o' War and Twenty Grand, giants in stature but totally unlike in their methods of annihilating their competitors, will go down in turf history as super-horses.
>
> The former was the personification of fiery impetuosity, spurning the earth with impatience the instant he entered the track, battling all efforts at restraint during the preliminaries to a start and rushing away at breakneck speed when the barrier snapt, to race his adversaries breathless at the end of the first quarter of a mile.
>
> The race was over then in so far as Man o' War was concerned.
>
> Twenty Grand, on the contrary, is under perfect control on the track and at the barrier.
>
> He lacks much of the dash and fire of his great prototype and has not Man o' War's perfect action, especially during the first part of a contest, when his pace is high and somewhat labored.
>
> Once under way, however, his legs move with the precision of the pistons of some mighty engine.
>
> When in the condition which marked his efforts in the Kentucky Derby and Travers Stakes he mows down his competitors ruthlessly.
>
> With ears pricked, he is the personification of animated effort, and his giant strides carry despair to his competitors. Twenty Grand's class was never more apparent than in the recent race for the Saratoga Cup, when he ran away from so good a horse as Sun Beau, the leading money winner in the world.
>
> It is cheering to know that Twenty Grand, unlike Man o' War, will not be retired at the close of his three-year-old career. Horses of his kind are needed to stimulate interest in racing.

BRED in the stables of Mrs. Payne Whitney, this three-year-old colt is now attracting as much attention, W. J. Macbeth assures us in the same paper, as Gallant Fox and Man o' War in their day. Henry V. King writes in the New York *Sun:*

> He won the Lawrence Realization as easily as he had won the Saratoga Gold Cup one week previously, even tho the opposition perhaps was a bit keener in view of Sun Beau's fall down then. Again through the stretch he came with ears pricked as if out in the park for a morning canter.
>
> Tho in record-breaking mood, Twenty Grand was not obliged to break records in this Lawrence Realization. Still he raced faster than the stake ever had been raced before, save only by Man o' War, which hung up a stake record and a track record at the same time back in 1920 in winning under the same weight of 126 carried by Twenty Grand. Man o' War's record is 2:40 4-5.
>
> Twenty Grand raced within two-fifths of a second of that mark and he could have raced at least a second faster had the occasion demanded.
>
> Twenty Grand was a great horse in the Lawrence Realization.
>
> He was greater than he was at any other time in his racing career.
>
> His performance in the historic classic was better than that in the Belmont, Dwyer, Travers, or Saratoga Cup. His running was exceptionally good. Neither Mate nor any other three-year-old in the country could have beaten him. He was at the peak of his form—better than at any time since he began training early last spring.
>
> His opponents, Sun Meadow, Sir Ashley, and Blenheim, are only ordinary. But he made them ordinary. In other years they might have been considered first-class colts. But he had easily defeated them before, and in the Realization he merely toyed with them.

All horsemen and sportsmen always contended Twenty Grand was a good colt, but until Saturday they refused to place him on a pedestal or put him in a class with Man o' War. After his brilliant victory in the Realization, tho, they put him in a class with the best horses the American turf has produced and said that his lack of early speed was the only thing that prevented him from being another Man o' War.

For his wonderful race Mrs. Payne Whitney, the distinguished sportswoman who bred him and races him, was congratulated on all sides and told that she had a really great colt, one that will live forever with a few other turf immortals. And Jimmy Rowe, trainer of the colt, was the recipient of compliments and congratulations by the score for the masterly way he has handled his charge.

ALTHO a comparatively young man, Rowe is using the judgment of an old master in his training methods, remarks Mr. King, continuing with an account of the most important person in Twenty Grand's young life. Of the triumphant trainer he tells us:

> He proved he was a chip of the old block, for his father, the late James Rowe, was one of the greatest trainers of thoroughbreds of all time.
>
> Taking charge of such a stable as that owned by Mrs. Payne Whitney was a tremendous job for a young man who never had handled a big establishment.
>
> Born a horseman, Rowe attended college and on graduation became assistant trainer to his father. From his father, the master horseman, he learned more about the horse than most young men could possibly have learned. He had ambition, a

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receptive and alert mind and wanted to work and did work to attain knowledge about the thoroughbred.

So when his father died he was a first-class horseman. He didn't advertise his wares. Reticent to the point of being impolite, he went his way.

For a few months he held his father's job with the late Harry Payne Whitney. Lady Luck was not his pal, and his success was not pronounced. In addition he was considered too young to superintend such a vast racing establishment as that owned by the late sportsman and he was made assistant trainer to Tom Healy, a veteran.

But Mrs. Payne Whitney and her son, John Hay, believed in his ability as a horseman and as an executive, and last fall hired him to take care of their racing interests. It was a big job for a young man, but he made good.

Like almost every trainer of race-horses Rowe met with bad luck. Some of his horses, including the mighty Twenty Grand, went amiss on him. He made no excuses, tho. He told Mrs. Whitney the facts in each case, and the famous sportswoman, knowing the uncertainty of the sport, made no complaint. And so long as she was satisfied, Rowe cared nothing.

OF Twenty Grand's "kingly style" in the Lawrence Realization, Ed Curley tells us in the New York *American:*

The classic was a spectacle, and brilliant enough to make one's nerve quiver and furnish a feeling of exhilaration as one watched this running marvel move along with perfect action.

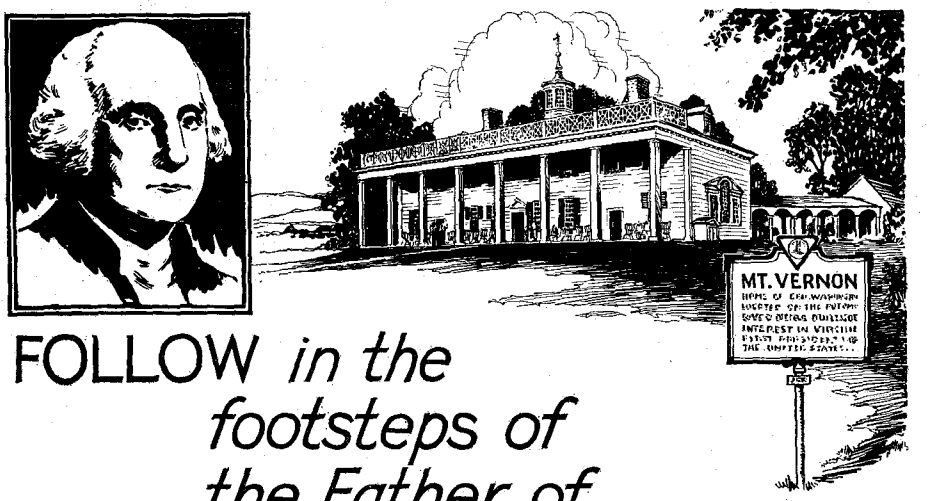
Charley Kurtsinger, who was astride Twenty Grand, rode a perfect race. He kept the big bay under proper control, and made his move at the right stage and had enough reserve in case there was a challenge at the last moment. Coming down the final sixteenth, Kurtsinger took a few peeps to the rear to make sure no horse was creeping up on him and cause a calamity.

When the four horses broke from the barrier, Johnny Maiben sent Sun Meadow to the fore and proceeded to cut out a merry pace. Blenheim was in second place, four lengths behind, with Twenty Grand a few lengths to the rear, and then Sir Ashley. There was no change in the alinement until they passed the seven-furlong pole.

Kurtsinger let loose a link, and Twenty Grand ran up, and in the next furlong was aside Blenheim. He did this so rhythmically that he appeared to be gliding along. In the next furlong Kurtsinger allowed Twenty Grand to keep moving, and on the far turn he looked Sun Meadow in the optics and said, "Come on."

Kurtsinger staged a Belasco climax by turning into the stretch with Twenty Grand in front. That caused 20,000 voices to shout their loudest, for the King was coming home in a regal fashion. Stepping down the home lane, amidst the cheering of the multitude, Twenty Grand stept along in a majestic style. With both ears pricked back, running as if it were only a workout, the gallant colt kept on gliding until he passed the judges a conqueror.

The fractions of the race were as follows: Quarter, 24; half mile, 48; six furlongs, 1:13; mile, 1:38; mile and a furlong, 1:50 2-5; mile and a quarter, 2:02 2-5; mile and three furlongs, 2:15 1-5; mile and a half, 2:29 2-5; mile and five furlongs, 2:41 1-5.



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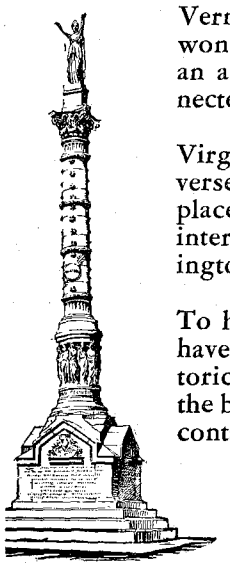

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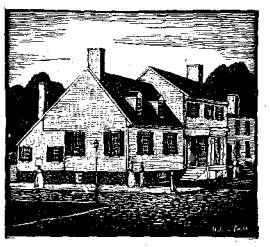

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According to Major Doolittle, who recently broke the American transcontinental air record, 500 miles an hour is inevitable, if aviation's development continues at its present rate.

The whole question of speeding up speed is renewed in the press of the world by the cabled reports of the achievement of Flight Lieut. G. H. Stainforth, who, on the day of the one-man final Schneider Cup race, flashed over the water at Calshot, England, at 404 miles an hour—"faster than any man has ever traveled before," says the United Press cabled account.

"Too much speed!" exclaims the Baltimore *Sun*, convinced that the hazards of speeding up speed now outrun its advantages.

Yet, in an Associated Press interview, Capt. Frank Hawks also predicts that the new speed record set by Flight Lieutenant Boothman in the one-man race which gives the English flyers permanent possession of the Schneider trophy, will be superseded within the next three or four years by a velocity of 500 miles per hour. With these qualifications:

There is a limit to how much wing surface can be cut off, head resistance decreased, and motor power stept up to attain such speeds.

Unless man devises some radical changes in the airplane velocities, higher than 500 miles must come in some lighter medium above the earth, like the stratosphere.

THESE speculations arise from the recent phenomenal feast of speed at Calshot, England. As a New York *Times* correspondent summarizes the occasion:

Three new speed records were set up here to-day, one marking the fastest ever attained by man.

Flying on a 31.7-mile triangular course seven times at an average speed of 340.08 miles an hour, Flight Lieut. J. N. Boothman won the Schneider trophy permanently for Britain, beating by more than eleven miles the average speed of the late Lieut. Henry R. D. Waghorn, the 1929 winner. His first two laps, made at an average speed of 342.9 miles an hour, made a new record for 100 kilometers [62.1 miles], previously 331.75 miles an hour.

The third record was made by Flight Lieut. G. H. Stainforth, who broke the world's speed mark in the three-kilometer [1.863 mile] straight course with an average of 386.1 miles an hour, more than twenty-eight miles better than Squadron Leader A. H. Orlebar's 1929 record of 357.7 miles an hour. On one of his flights down-wind Lieutenant Stainforth exceeded 400 miles an hour.

Underwood

Flight Lieut. G. H. Stainforth, the Human Projectile

THE Chicago *Tribune* prefaces its account with some comments on Schneider Cup history, mentioning that its donor, Jacques Schneider, was a Frenchman, and continuing:

America had won the trophy from the English over the very same sheltered water crossed by a lone British pilot.

Lieut. David Rittenhouse of the United States Navy won off Cowes, England, in 1923.

The following year none was ready to challenge the American possession, and the Yankees "big-heartedly" postponed the contest for a year when they might have flown around a course in the United States and claimed the trophy that year as the British have done to-day.

In 1925 the Americans won again. Therefore, had the United States flown the course in 1924, it would have held possession of the cup forever instead of England.

Little Jimmy Doolittle sped 232.57 miles per hour at Baltimore in 1925, which was 88.87 miles per hour faster than any speed previously.

There is no denying the show put on by the British aircraft engines and pilots in this test. Boothman carried out the most difficult test in the Schneider Cup flight by carrying a full load, ascending 150 feet, landing, and then ascending again in the midst of a blinding spray which prevented even lateral vision because of the cramped cockpit of the racing plane.

Then Boothman took off and with machine-like precision flew the most difficult course any man ever completed. He lifted the frail machine into the air and streaked down the course over the gay bunting of expensive yachts, and thundered over the Ryde pier across the starting line toward the first pylon.

Lieutenant Boothman thereafter com-

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pleted twenty-one turns on the course over the Isle of Wight.

He skimmed the surface of both sea and land at an altitude of 100 feet in order to gain greater power from the denser atmosphere near the surface of the earth.

As he passed thousands of spectators felt the vibrations as his motors thundered their revolutions and the lightning speed of the propellers agitated the air so that the piers on which the spectators stood trembled and shook.

THEN Stainforth did his sensational stuff—shattering all speed records of man's recorded history, smashing them for the pure joy of the venture. As depicted in the United Press cables:

His lanky body crouched over the controls of a bulletlike little seaplane, Lieutenant Stainforth flashed over the water at 404 miles an hour, faster than any man had ever traveled before.

Stainforth's Supermarine Rolls-Royce *S-6* plane, so small that its pontoons looked like claws on a bird of prey, set a world record of 386.1 miles an hour for the best four of six successive runs over the straightaway course of three kilometers (about 1.86 miles) to climax Great Britain's unchallenged tests for retention of the Schneider Trophy.

The New York *Herald Tribune* feels that the Schneider Cup valedictory ends an era in competitive speed:

An epoch in high-speed flying comes to a close. In the eighteen years in which this trophy has been in competition it has been the main international incentive for higher and higher speeds in the air.

Its permanent retirement will usher in a period of argument and speculation concerning the value of achieving such a speed as 400 miles an hour.

But none of these debates will be complete which does not consider the fact that the most consistent competitors in these eighteen years of racing, Italy, France, and England, now possess the fastest military planes in the world.

The Baltimore *Sun*, nevertheless, heaves an audible sigh of relief:

With contestants expecting to make seven miles a minute, and with an Italian pilot killed while going above that rate in a vain effort to better the record, the rivalry becomes too dangerous to engage the attention of those who are devoting themselves to the serious business of aviation.

If the effort to develop faster speed planes ends, the science of aeronautics will be none the worse off, and many a venturesome pilot may save his skin.

ON the other hand, the New York *Times* feels that these tests foretell a new era in passenger transportation—soon we may breakfast in a Manhattan penthouse and dine in Hollywood!

What a contrast between Stainforth at Calshot and the Wrights at Kitty Hawk! Engines of at least 1,900 horse-power in 1931; a sputtering motor of 16 horse-power in 1903. Technical difficulties become acute in designing racers to cleave the air at nearly 400 miles an hour.

Yet these are the very difficulties that designers of commercial planes must overcome in attaining 250 and 300 miles an hour in ordinary passenger service.

Consider the Schneider results in this light and $5,000,000 is not too much to pay for them.

THE Chicago *Tribune* concludes apprehensively:

It is not well for the American Army and Navy Air Service to lag so far behind in the vital factor of speed.

American defense is now going through a period of neglect, familiar in past time, but always deplorable.

There is no lack of devotion in the service, and there is no lack of engineering genius in our country.

But there is lack of foresight in our policy.

Both our politicians and our people fail to realize how difficult it is to catch up, and how costly it is to be caught napping. Speed has always been one of the chief elements of victory.

Good News for Flying Novices

Prospective students of flying-schools approved by the Department of Commerce may in future be given demonstration flights, during which they may be permitted to handle the controls while the airplane is in flight, under a ruling announced by Col. Clarence M. Young, Assistant Secretary of Commerce for Aeronautics.

"This action by the Department," Colonel Young explained, "is consistent with our desire to be of all possible assistance to flying-schools. In accordance with our new policy, transport pilots who hold flying-instructors' ratings and are employed regularly by flying-schools holding approved school certificates from the Department of Commerce, may thus demonstrate the course of instruction to prospective students in licensed aircraft."

This practise, however, Colonel Young explained, is subject to the following provisions:

(1) Not more than two such demonstration flights may be given to each prospective student, and the aggregate flight time for both flights may not exceed thirty minutes. A fee may be charged the prospective student if the school so elects.

(2) It is also understood that such a demonstration flight carries no inference whatsoever that the prospective student will satisfactorily accomplish the required physical examination; nor that he or she will be eligible for any grade of pilot's license. However, should it develop that the prospective student later obtains a student permit and enrolls in the school, the demonstration flight or flights may be credited toward the required time as outlined in the School Supplement of the Air Commerce Regulations, provided, however, that the foregoing limit of thirty minutes may not be exceeded.

(3) The information conveyed in this memorandum shall be transmitted to the prospective student in such a manner that there can be no possible misunderstanding as to the privileges and restrictions outlined. In the event a certificate or other written or printed evidence of a demonstration flight is made available to the prospective student, it shall clearly indicate the terms of paragraph 2 thereof.

(4) The transport pilot involved, as well as the flying-school, will be held strictly accountable for the foregoing provisions.

—*Department of Commerce release.*

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How War Makes Depressions

WHAT IS THE ONE THING we should learn from the current depression?

"The true lesson of this depression is that we can not afford any more great wars."

This answer comes from such authority as Col. Leonard P. Ayres, of the Cleveland Trust Company. He is convinced that the present slump combined with that of 1921 is one of the inevitable natural effects of the Great War.

He asks us to consider the diagram reproduced on this page. He would have us notice that there was a primary and then a secondary post-war depression following the War of 1812, a similar double depression after the Civil War, and now once more a pair of depressions following the World War.

Moreover, he continues in the Cleveland Trust Company's *Business Bulletin*, "these pairs of post-war depressions have had certain definite characteristics in common that appear to indicate that they have formed parts of a specialized pattern, that business activity follows after all great wars."

It isn't the war itself that makes the trouble, according to Colonel Ayres, "but rather the fact that great wars cause sudden and extreme advances in commodity prices." And it is these price convulsions that so disturb business.

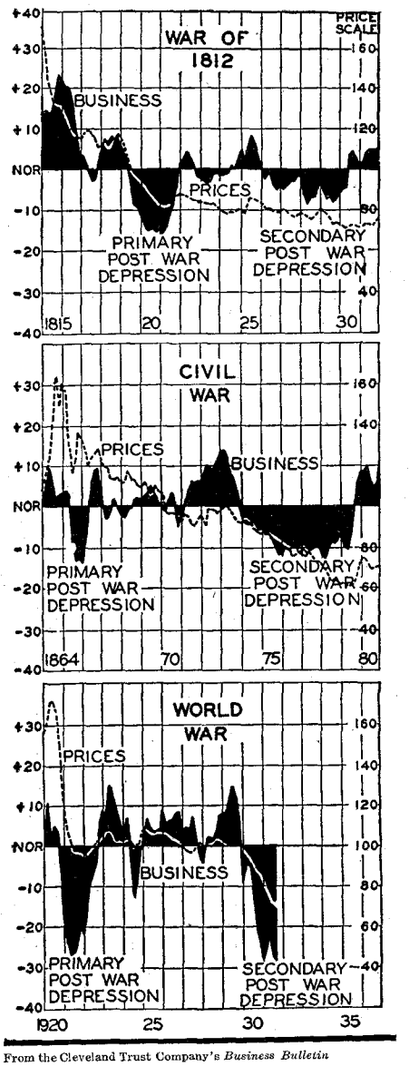
The Cleveland banker divides people into the producers (generally living in the country) and the consumers, manufacturers, and traders of the towns and cities.

With this word of introduction, we are brought to consider how war brings about these depressions:

When war comes, and commodity prices mount, the prompt result is a great wave of prosperity for the farmers.

For some time their production costs increase but little, and the increases in the prices received for crops are almost all profit. Under such conditions of very rapid price advances, the doubling of the amount received for a crop of given size may well result in a tenfold increase in farmer profits.

The next development is a great speculation in farm lands, the plowing up of additional fields, the use of profits to buy more land, and a large increase in farm mortgages. Production is sharply stept up.



From the Cleveland Trust Company's *Business Bulletin*

Three Post-War Depressions

This period proves rather difficult for the city dwellers, for while industry and trade are brisk, and every one can find work, the cost of living is high, wages do not advance nearly so rapidly as prices, and industrial disputes are frequent as pay advances are demanded.

However, toward the end of the war, or shortly thereafter, commodity prices reach their peak and turn down. With the price deflation comes business depression for rural and urban dwellers alike.

After the Civil War this came in 1865, as soon as hostilities ceased, but after the World War the primary post-war depression did not come until 1921. With the depression comes a collapse of the farm land boom, and the farmers find themselves burdened with the heavy mortgages placed at the earlier high land prices.

When this primary post-war price deflation and primary post-war depression have run their course, there ensues a period of urban prosperity.

Food is now relatively cheap in the cities, for production has increased more rapidly than demand. Food constitutes a large part of the cost of living of the industrial workers, and when food prices decline more rapidly than wages the result is a period of hard times for the farmers, but of prosperity for city people.

The world was moving through such a period from the depression of 1921 to the end of the prosperity in 1929.

Two characteristic developments mark a period of that sort. The first is a boom in city real estate, with great activity in building construction, stimulated not merely by the prevailing economic prosperity of the city dwellers, but also by the making up of the building shortages that accumulated during the previous war period of inflated prices. The other development is general speculation in almost everything except commodities.

A period of this sort can last a long time, but eventually it destroys itself.

The real-estate boom and the construction boom run to excesses. General speculation creates fictitious values. There comes a time when the country districts, with their diminished purchasing power, can no longer consume their normal proportion of the goods produced by the cities.

Then come a secondary decline in commodity prices, a collapse of city real-estate values, and the secondary post-war depression, afflicting urban communities and country districts alike. During this secondary depression wages, prices, and profits for both city dwellers and country people are painfully jarred and jolted back into a working adjustment that enables the nation, or the nations, to make progress in the long task of paying off the accumulated indebtedness.

APPARENTLY, continues Colonel Ayres, "it takes about ten years for the developments that have been described to take place":

The peak of commodity prices of the War of 1812 came in 1815, and the secondary depression was ushered in ten years later by the panic of 1825.

In the Civil War the peak of prices came in 1864, and the first full year of the secondary post-war depression was 1874.

After the World War the peak of commodity prices was in 1920, and the first full year of the secondary depression was 1930.

In each case, we read on, "there seems to have been the same sequence of (1) price inflation, (2) farm prosperity and farm-land speculation, (3) price deflation and depression, (4) city prosperity and speculation, (5) secondary price deflation and secondary depression."

And so, concludes the writer:

Our troubles are not the result of some mysterious and hitherto unsuspected weakness in our social system, nor can they be cured by adopting a five-year, or ten-year, or twenty-year plan of reorganization of our industries, our banks and our commerce. The true lesson of this depression is that we can not afford any more great wars.

"FOR business reasons, if for no other reason, we must fight strenuously for peace," agrees the Chicago *Journal of Commerce*. Therefore—

The American Government's peace program at the Geneva disarmament conference should have the earnest, and not merely the lukewarm, support of the American people.

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The Eight-Fold Challenge to Business

AS business faces the unknown future, the executive must base his approach to what is coming on at least eight fundamental assumptions.

So writes W. J. Donald, in *Forbes Magazine*. Mr. Donald, who has a large acquaintance with business leaders as managing director of the American Management Association, states these eight challenges, and we reprint in part what he says about them:

Fig. 1. *New Leadership Inevitable*—Business leadership is almost certain to change hands.

(a) Individual companies will reach out ahead of their competitors. Companies that were the biggest in 1929 may easily find in the next few years that the second and third companies in the field have stept out in front.

(b) Whole industries will overhaul competing industries.

2. *New Top-Notchers Coming*—Individual executives will swap places within companies.

3. *No Return to the Past*—Business is not done to-day as it was twenty years or even ten years ago, and business will never return to the methods of the past.

This may sound like a repetition of the new era doctrine at which there has been done so much sneering, but it is well to consider just what we mean by a new era. Certain it is that a comparison of corporate policy to-day as against ten years ago will show a vastly different treatment of employment problems to-day, and there are very concrete evidences that there will emerge from this depression quite new standards of handling the problem of the regularization of employment should another depression arrive.

4. *Weak Spots Must Go*—Management is still streaky. Most company managements are streaky. Weak spots have to be sought out and rebuilt.

There is many a company that justly prides itself on good management, but rare indeed is the company which does not have one or more weak spots either in executives or in whole departments of the business.

Fig. 5. *New Standards of Effectiveness*—New standards of management effectiveness are essential to-day and for the next decade. America to-day exhibits the spectacle of many large and too self-satisfied corporations depending on their bigness. Whole industries compare unfavorably with other lines of business, industries which in general are in the doldrums, and which, with the exception of a few companies, are likely to stay in the doldrums for a number of years to come—or indefinitely.

6. *Business Conditions Will Change*—There is no time like the present to emphasize the need for every line of business and, for that matter, every company to work out a technique of management which assumes the inevitability of rapid change, and prepares to meet it. There is no safety in any other program, and yet, the fact of the matter is that business administration of to-day is largely based on the assumption of a normal average when, as a matter of fact, there can be no such thing as averaging the numerous conflicting trends of business conditions.

7. *Prices May Stay Down*—It is unsafe to assume that average price levels will rise. A large part of the present generation of business men was trained in the era of rising prices, from 1897 to 1920. The rising-price movement helped to fill the profit bag. Recent studies indicate that the decline in prices since the Great War is not yet equivalent to the decline in prices following the Civil War.

For any line of business or for any company it will be a salutary move to assume that price levels may not rise again for some time.

8. *"Big Business" Will Gain*—Despite many mistakes that have been made and disappointments in operating results following recent mergers, there is almost certain to be a resumption of the merger movement on a very large scale in the course of the next three years.

Riches of the Depression

IT'S an ill depression that blows no good. Decreased buying power has certain beneficial results, finds the Boston *News Bureau*.

With no money for extravagance, people, it says, are "buying better things in such 'lines' as literature, the stage, the screen, music, travel, etc. The trend is altogether toward a higher grade of books, plays, movies, etc. There is, so far as can be discerned, a similar selectivity in radio preferences and in journeyings." On the other hand,

> An era of extravagance was lavish and promiscuous in its spendings, and of not very lofty tastes.
>
> It flung about carelessly what was then considered its small change. It felt a sort of pride in mere costliness, without any close scrutiny of quality. It "went places" with little of Bacon's appreciation of travel's virtues. It was an age of much froth as well as gilt.
>
> Now all that is obviously altered.
>
> For many months the revenues of all sorts of recreational purveyors have been lean and much harder earned. There are far fewer dollars or dimes scattered about, and there is much more thought given the exact destination and purpose of each. Which is naturally reflected in new standards of quality insisted upon.

BOOK publishers in particular, we are told by the Boston editor, have noticed this. Trivial books and those cheap in content are at a discount:

> But the comparatively serious book has come into its own—biographies, histories, economic studies, etc. A publishing concern noted for its serious offerings reports a record year. We are a much more sober-minded people, so far as our reading goes, with an intent to extract value as well as amusement.
>
> So, too, with other diversions. There is an increased veering from jazz to classical or at least worth-while. Local distributers are censorious of not only Hollywood costs but also types. The autumn screen pictures so far most successful are more than usually serious in motif.
>
> We have been going through times of chastening discipline. Perhaps there is also an indirect compensation in a new discipline of our tastes.

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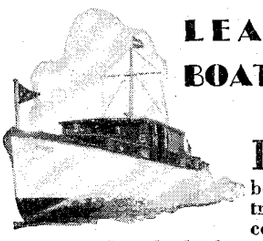

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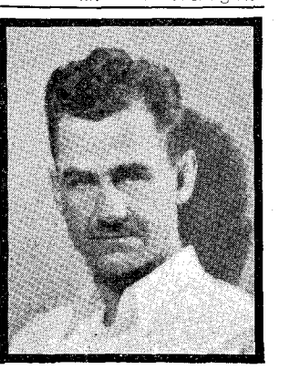

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State Highway Regulation

OCCASIONAL GRAINS OF COMFORT are picked up by the railroads even in these depressing days.

One is the development of State legislation, particularly in the West and Southwest, for the regulation of the motor-vehicle transportation which has been competing so successfully with the railroads for short-haul business. The railroads of course operate under a vast deal of State and Federal regulation. And now owners of truck and bus lines are beginning to feel the regulative hand of the law.

The new Texas law was touched on in these columns a few weeks ago. But it is only one of several, and the Missouri Pacific Railroad has just published a survey of existing motor-vehicle regulation in its own territory. As a St. Louis correspondent of the New York *Journal of Commerce* summarizes this report:

The measures are along the same general lines.

They limit the size of the motor-vehicle, regulate the load, specify the tax, provide rates to be charged, and in many instances require that a certificate of convenience and necessity be acquired from the State utility body.

The statutes vary. For example, the maximum load in Illinois is limited to 40,000 pounds, while in Kansas it is 7,000 pounds.

Nothing is said of rates in the Illinois law, but Louisiana says that the motor-truck rates must be based on less than car-load rail charges when the territory is also served by a railroad.

Arkansas has one of the most drastic laws. A certificate of public convenience and necessity must first be secured if "any person or corporation" desires to operate a passenger or freight highway service. A surety bond must be posted if the plea is granted. Power to fix rates, fares, rules, regulations, etc., rests with the utility commission. An excise tax of 4 per cent. of gross revenues must be paid monthly.

A gross-ton mileage tax is imposed on motor-vehicles in Kansas. One-half mill per ton based on the weight of the vehicle plus the weight of its seating capacity at 150 pounds per seat is imposed on passenger vehicles, and truck operators pay the same rate based on the weight of the truck plus 200 per cent. of carrying capacity.

Taxes are imposed on the basis of ton mileage, gross revenues or carrying capacity in most States. Charges in Kansas must be "reasonable." In Missouri, Texas, and Arkansas rates are specified by the utility commissions. Bonds must be posted in most of the States, and in many regular schedules must be maintained.

ATTENTION is called by *Barron's Weekly* to the action of South Carolina's railroad commission in imposing on common carriers by truck a freight-rate tariff 10 per cent. higher than existing rail rates for all distances in every freight classification. The excess is allowed in order to pay the operators for pick-up and store-door delivery.

Such regulation, comments *Barron's*, still leaves out the contract truck carrier and privately owned trucks. Indeed, "no effective method of applying regulation to either of these two species of highway carrier, neither of which is a common carrier in the legal sense, has yet been devised." Nor has this Southern State attacked the freedom of common-carrier truck lines to solicit the more profitable varieties of traffic and to neglect and turn away the less profitable. There are many other inequalities between railroads and highway carriers, "such as the freedom of the latter to suspend operation under unfavorable weather conditions," which, we read on, have hardly been touched at all by these new regulations in various States.

And yet, summing it all up, *Barron's* realizes that truck carrying is "slowly and gradually coming under more or less public regulation," and—

It is worth noting that the same force is at work to drive highway transportation under the arm of public authority as drove rail transportation there a generation ago, that is, the resentment of individual shippers, and particularly that of the small business man, over quantity rates.

The man who has comparatively little freight to offer can not but regard the rate-making now rife among truck operators as rank discrimination.

New Roles for Cotton

COTTON AS AN INTERIOR BUILDING material, and for road and levee construction, cotton-cloth stationery, calendars, menus, booklets, and display posters.

Such are a few of the interesting uses for cotton which are being developed more and more as the problem of how to consume our enormous crop surplus becomes more intense.

Experiments are being carried on continually to discover further uses for this staple, we are told by George A. Sloan, president of the Cotton-Textile Institute, Inc., New York, and some remarkable discoveries are being made.

"One of the new uses for cotton, of great promise," writes Mr. Sloan in *The Manufacturers Record*, "is in combination with rare and costly wood veneers to make available at reduced expense the beauty and effect of wood paneling." And this is how it is done:

Thin sheets of mahogany, walnut, lacewood, birch, oak, maple, or pine are cut from the logs and mounted on a cotton sheeting.

These sheets then are flexed by special machinery, so that each individual wood fiber is broken loose from those next to it, yet held in place by the cotton backing.

This provides a wood-paneling material that is flexible and easily shaped over moldings, columns, and broken surfaces. The wall may be of wood, plaster, cement, or even metal.

The flexed wood, mounted on brown sheeting, is fitted and hung, like wall-paper, with a finish identical with that of the solid wood paneling, but at only one-fifth to one-half the cost.

Another new and interesting use for cotton fabric is in the substitution of cotton duck in place of stucco in the second-story gables of the English type of cottage.

The gables were sheathed like the rest of the outside of the house and one layer of fifteen-pound saturated felt was affixt to the sheathing. Remnant duck was applied over this felt and given three coats of oil paint, and battens were fastened in place over the joints. The insulating qualities of this wall have been especially satisfactory, and its many advantages are now being placed before architects and building contractors throughout the nation.

Good progress also is reported by Mr. Sloan in the development of cotton fabrics for road material. And he goes on:

Of promising interest and importance is the study now being given by our New Uses section to the adaptation of cotton road fabric for use in building dirt levees in the Mississippi River Valley. It is believed that an asphalt impregnation of fabric before being laid, in the same manner as in roads, will provide a water-proof blanket for the river banks that will materially minimize the destructive effects of flood waters.

NEW uses, too, are being found in more familiar fields. Cotton bags for fruits and potatoes, starch, sugar, rice, flour are coming into greater favor, notes Mr. Sloan, and he also finds "an encouraging response" to the proposal to wrap the new cotton crop in cotton-baling fabric.

"One of the most striking new uses for cotton," he adds, "is to be found in cotton-cloth stationery, which has led to a consumption of 3,000,000 square yards of cotton fabric, diverted wholly to a new outlet." William Wrigley, Jr., & Company, Chicago, "alone has purchased 2,000,000 cotton-fabric letter-heads." And we are reminded that the fabric also may be used for booklets, time tables, legal documents, nursery books, maps, theater programs.

The current issue of *The Southern Banker* calls attention to a cotton-cloth calendar which has just been put on the market by a Virginia printing concern.

Again quoting Mr. Sloan:

One of the promising offshoots of the Institute's current advertising and educational campaign in behalf of cottons in the style markets is the returning favor of cotton-fabric shoes for both men and women, and various shoe manufacturing interests report that the novelty cotton fabrics produced this year proved highly satisfactory from both the style and serviceability viewpoint of the consumer.

Popularity of cotton dresses is attributable to vigorous and sustained advertising and educational efforts.

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THE LEXICOGRAPHER'S EASY CHAIR

(TITLE REGISTERED IN U. S. PATENT OFFICE)

To decide questions concerning the correct use of words for this column, the Funk & Wagnalls New Standard Dictionary is consulted as arbiter.

Readers who require immediate attention will receive it if they enclose a stamped return envelop. No notice will be taken of anonymous communications.

acclimate.—"A. F. G.," Brooklyn, N. Y.—The root-word or parent-term is *cli'mate*, and *ac-cli'mate* is correct. Because the crowd goes wrong, it is necessary to instruct it. How often do we hear *yeh, yuh* for "yes," yet the first and second are not right.

-an, -ian.—"W. W. M.," San Diego, Tex.—These suffixes mean the same thing. Their use is merely one of euphony. *Texian* is probably an early spelling, for to-day the proper and preferred form is *Texan*.

calliope.—"G. E. H.," Bellingham, Wash.—The correct pronunciation is *ka-lai'o-pi*—*a* as in *fat*, *ai* as in *aisle*, *o* as in *obey*, *i* as in *police*.

f, double form.—"A. P.," Lincoln, Nebr.—The use of the double "f" form as in *Ffarington*, etc., is due to the fact that in ancient manuscripts, a capital *F* was often written as *ff*. A misunderstanding of this practise has caused the writing of *Ff* or *ff* at the beginning of certain family names.

fair; slow.—"S. E.," Meridian, Miss.—It is correct to say "Play *fair*" and "Drive *slow*." Just take down your dictionary and read *fair*, adverb; *slow*, adverb. Adverbs are of *time*, *place*, *degree*, or *manner*. In the examples cited, they are adverbs of *manner*, modifying the verbs *play* and *drive*. It is true, however, that we have also the adverbs *fairly* and *slowly*, the use of which the Lexicographer would prefer, but his preference does not make the originals wrong.

-ful.—"S. E.," Brooklyn, N. Y.—The plural of compounds ending in *-ful*, as *spoonful*, is formed in the same manner as the plural of other nouns of regular formation—by the simple addition of a final "s," as, *spoonfuls*. So when a physician prescribes medicine to be taken by the spoonful more than once a day, these are correctly spoken of as *spoonfuls*. But supposing more than one medicine is to be taken, and that the medicines do not assimilate, thus requiring *more than one spoon* to administer them; then it would be correct to refer to the different doses as *spoons full*, since the words denote more than one spoon full. *Spoonfuls* denote one spoon filled more than once.

goods.—"G. K.," Newark, Ohio.—To do as you suggest would not be grammatically correct. In colloquial usage, *goods* has frequently been used with a pronoun and verb in the singular, but that is unconventional and non-literary. In good usage, *goods* is construed as plural in form and sense, and takes a verb in the plural—"*These goods are* nice." The term, however, is nondescript, for dry-goods is the term used for textiles, and persons as careful in their purchases as in their speech describe what they buy by name, whether silk, satin, cotton, rag, or rayon, as the case may be. To use the nondescript "goods" puts the stamp of limited education or resource on the person doing so.

grammatical error.—"O. G. M.," Shreveport, La.—This phrase is a common locution, but "an error in grammar" is to be preferred as avoiding what is sometimes considered a violation of grammatical precision. *Grammatical* means "of or pertaining to, relating to or governed by grammar," so a "grammatical error" is clearly a violation of grammatical precision. Because *grammar* is governed by more exceptions that prove the rules than rules that explain the exceptions, it is an inexact science.

h (aspirated).—"G. Y.," Seattle, Wash.—Whenever the *h* is aspirated, as it is in the American pronunciation of *hilarious*, *history*, *hotel*, etc., the indefinite article *a* should precede it, and not *an*. In England, where the *h's* are continuously smothered, the people speak of "an 'ilarious time," "an 'istory," and "an 'otel." There is no justification whatever for this, as the words have been parts of the English language and American speech for a long time. We say "*a* uniform," the English say "*an* uniform,'' applying their rule that two vowels should not come together, but the initial of *uniform* is a consonantal "y" in sound, and not a true "u" as in *unique*.

Himalaya; Jekyll (Doctor).—"M. M.," New York City.—The preferred pronunciation of the first is *hi-ma'la-ya*—*i* as in *habit*, first *a* as in *art*, second and third *a's* as in *final*. The pronunciation *him-a-le'ya*—*i* as in *hit*, first and second *a's* as in *final*, *e* as in *prey*, is also frequently heard.

The name of the Doctor to whom Stevenson gave a dual personality may be pronounced either *ji'kil* (first *i* as in *police*, second *i* as in *habit*), or *jek'il* (*e* as in *get*, *i* as in *habit*). Both pronunciations are in use, but the first is the one preferred.

idiosyncrasy.—"G. A. B.," Reno, Nev.—Altho our dictionaries do not record this word as in use for a desire or craving for, *idiosyncrasy* has been so used in medicine for years. Stedman in his "Medical Dictionary" tells us that "an idiosyncrasy is a susceptibility, peculiar to the individual, to the action of certain drugs, articles of diet, etc."

ihn (possessive pronoun).—"D. M. G.," Bentonville, Ark.—A number of terms have been suggested since Converse offered *thon*. Others suggested *hiser*, *heer*, *himer*, but none have made headway in general use. The term *ihn* has not, so far as we know, been accepted. The letters *I. H. N.* are used for the words "In His Name"—the motto of the Order of the King's Daughters and Sons.

incumbent, present (the).—"W. W. B.," Winder, Ga.—This expression is a redundancy. In striving to make their readers understand, newspaper men sometimes resort to this form of construction.

inferiority complex.—"H. W. S.," Santiago, Cuba.—The expression submitted is an involved way of expressing *inferiority complex*. A person that suffers from a constitutional psychopathic inferiority is a person who constitutionally suffers from a mental disease, of which the idea of inferiority is the dominant feature. There are many persons who claim that they can not achieve this, that, or the other because they have not been endowed with the ability to do so, and who ignore altogether that in their own being lie latent possibilities that they themselves could rouse to achieve the very things that they declare themselves unable to do.

irregardless.—"M. A.," New York City.—There is no such word as *irregardless*. In English two negatives make an affirmative, and *ir-* means "not," and *less* means "without." One may say *regardless* or *irrespective*, but not *irregardless*.

Marquis.—"C. K. S.," Burbank, Calif.—When in conversation in the United States we use *Marquis*, our mother tongue requires the English and *not the French* pronunciation. We say the *Markwis* of Salisbury, tho we spell it *Marquis*. BUT, and please note that France is a republic where there are *no titles recognized by law* and only a few recognized by courtesy, the French speak of the "*Mar''kee'* de—,"whatever the place-name may be. We don't.

Mussolini.—"V. K.," Fountain City, Ia.—The name *Mussolini* is pronounced *mus''so-li'ni*—*u* as in *rule*, *o* as in *obey*, and the *i's* as in *police*.

ours.—"F. M.," New York City.—*Ours* is a pronoun in the possessive case, and, therefore, the apostrophe is not needed to denote possession.

parenthetical matter, punctuation of.—"E. L. J.," San Francisco, Calif.—The proper way to render parenthetical matter within parentheses is either by punctuating the parenthetical remark by commas, or placing it within dashes, or using brackets. The common form is to use the dashes, for the use of brackets is generally associated with the insertion of matter by some one else than by the original writer.

pronunciation.—"P. P.," Rochester, N. Y.—The pronunciations that you note are recent introductions from England. They are all wrong. In the United States and in American speech, the word *dictionary* is one of four syllables, as is the word *secretary*. The words *notary* and *granary* are of three syllables. We make a point of pronouncing each syllable, altho we do not stress every one of them evenly. In England the man in the street invariably contracts the words and so mispronounces them.

punctuation-marks, rule for.—"A. V. C.," Newark, N. J.—The rule for punctuation-marks is: "The period and the comma are always put before the closing quotation-mark. The colon, semicolon, mark of interrogation, and mark of exclamation come before or after the quotation-mark according to whether or not the punctuation be a part of the matter quoted."

rood, rude.—"C. W. H.," New York City.—The pronunciation of the two words is homophonous; that is, have the same sound.

route.—"H. B.," New York City.—The pronunciation of *route* is still a matter of locality or calling. Some persons call it *rowt;* others *root*, just as some say *dee'po* and others *day'po* for *depot*.

sit, set.—"B. M. S.," Chula Vista, Calif.—If the cup is *on* the shelf, why not let it *rest* there? It does not *sit* so but you may have *set* it there. Brevity is the soul of wit and saves time. Say, "The cup is on the shelf."

substitutes.—"M. E. A.," Ansonia, Conn.—Rossiter Johnson in his "History of the War of Secession," page 297, calls the men to whom you refer *substitutes:* "The law provided that a man . . . might either procure a *substitute* or pay three hundred dollars to the government."

worth while.—"E. R. M.," Lansing, Mich.—In the phrase given, this term is written as a compound word—"A *worth-while* proposition." Without any qualification, *worth while* is written as two separate words.

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THE SPICE OF LIFE

(TITLE REGISTERED IN U. S. PATENT OFFICE)

Heart Balm.—And then there's the speak-easy proprietor who got raided and sued the policeman on the beat for breach of promise.—*Los Angeles Examiner.*

Try Sulfuric Acid.—Green paint may be removed from the seat of a pair of white duck tennis trousers with a bottle of ordinary turpentine, a stiff brush, and a pair of scissors.—*Chicago Daily News.*

When Wits Are Needed.—HOBBS—"I've half a mind to get married."

DOBBS—"Watch out! Reno's full of people who used only half their minds in getting married."—*Boston Transcript.*

Where Do We Go From Here?—A detour is something a motorist takes when he sees one truck trying to pass another coming toward him.—*Judge.*

Lagging Veteran.—"It is very hard to drive a bargain," said the fellow who had bought an old flivver for $10.—*Princeton Tiger.*

Poor Dad.—"Say, pa!"

"Well, what is it now?"

"When deaf mutes have hot words, do they get their fingers burned?"—*Jester.*

Not a Seeker of Light.—"Shall I tell you what you are?"

"If you do you will get a black eye."—*Vart Hem* (*Stockholm*).

It's "Round the Corner."—A certain shopkeeper who begs that his name be not printed says that alterations are going on in his shop and that he wishes he had the nerve to put up a sign, "No business as usual."—*New York Herald Tribune.*

Memory vs. Contiguity.—"Oh, George," she gurgled as she cuddled closer, "I wonder how any one could say that absence makes the heart grow fonder?"

"I guess," replied George, "that must mean the absence of a third party."—*Stray Stories.*

New One on Emily Post.—"How did you like the banquet last night?"

"Not at all."

"Wasn't the food good?"

"Yes, very good—but I sat next to a lady who squinted, and she ate off my plate all the time."—*Lustige Zeitung* (*Cologne*).

Bond of Sympathy.—"Delighted to have met you. Come over, some evening soon, and bring your husband."

"Thank you so much, but we never go anywhere; you see, my husband is paralyzed. . . ."

"Don't mind that, dear; my husband's that way half the time, himself."—*Life.*

One Grand Sweet Song.—GRANDMA—"It is lovely. You have tuned in excellently."

GRANDSON—"But, granny, that is the vacuum-cleaner."—*L'Illustré* (*Lausanne*).

Worm That Turned.—"I got even with my wife last night."

"How was that?"

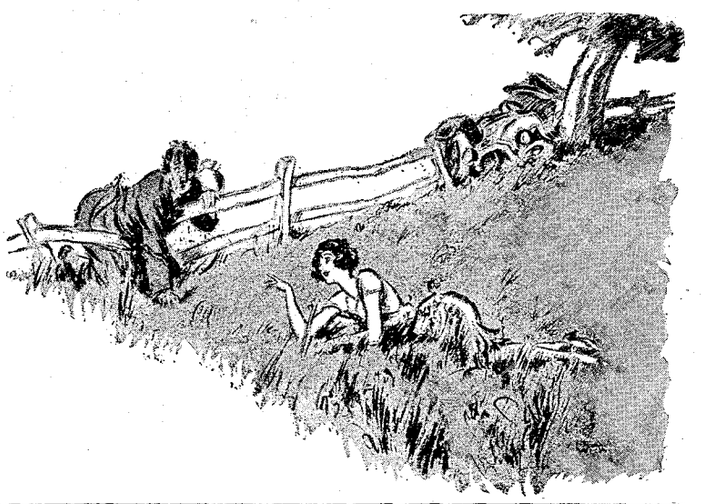
"She hung her shorts on the end of the bed, so I went through her pockets."—*The Humorist* (*London*).

Gates Ajar.—

AUTOBITUARIES

Gone from this life
Is Rush Along Bill,
He would pass other
Cars on a hill.

—*Ed Scanlan in the Buffalo Evening News.*



Fair Novice: "You see I was right, George—that little thing was the accelerator."

—"The Passing Show" (London).

Cures Itself.—BROWN—"Do you know, I'm losing my memory. It's worrying me to death."

JONES (sympathetically)—"Never mind, old man. Forget all about it!"—*London Opinion.*

No Face Lifter.—"Ah, my dear," said her homely relative, "you will find that Time is a great healer."

"True, auntie," the girl replied, "but he's certainly a mighty poor beauty doctor."—*Boston Transcript.*

When Dad Spanks.—"This hurts me more than it does you," remarked Police Judge Cavin Muse of Dallas, Texas, when he fined his daughter $10 for speeding and $3 for running past a stop sign, and then dug down and paid the fines himself.—*Schenectady Union-Star.*

Page the Marquis of Queensberry.—"I disapprove of all brutal sports, prize-fighting, angling—"

"Good heavens! How can you name those two sports in the same breath?"

"Why not? Isn't it the object of both pugilist and angler to land a hook in the jaw?"—*Stray Stories.*

Slips That Pass in the Night

What About a Raincoat?—Lipstick, rouge, and powder are all that good taste requires for street wear.—*Rochester Democrat and Chronicle.*

Star Guest.—An ice-cream supper will be given at the Tinker Creek Church Saturday. The pulpit is cordially invited.—*Roanoke World News.*

You Don't Mean It.—You are in no danger of accepting an inferior substitute for the *Times-Leader* Classified section, for there is none.—*Pottsville* (*Pa.*) *Times-Leader.*

Obviously.—Mr. P—— said it would be impossible to operate a dairy of the size of his without the large amount of water available.—*Troy Times.*

Fine Shower Bath.—

NIAGARA FALLS
ON BUS TOUR

—*Baltimore News.*

Neighborly Frankness.—Mrs. X—— returned to her home Monday after an extended visit with her sin.—*Wisconsin paper.*

Veterinary Item.—

Mare of Roumania May
Have to Undergo Operation, Is Report

—*Philadelphia Public Ledger.*

The Powerful Katinka.—Mrs. L. D. T——, while moving a piano at her home on Railroad Avenue had the misfortune to let it fall, bruising and cutting her.—*New Jersey paper.*

When Words Fail.—Is it possible for any one to pretend that gangsters are bold, romantic, and colorful fellows in the face ofami serablee pisodelike m mfwy mfwyp mywypH?—*Palm Beach Post.*

Believe It or Not.—

HERO HANGS TO
TAIL OF MAN
EATING TIGER

—*Nashville Banner.*

For Contented Biddies.—Six-room house, nice for chickens, hogs or cows.—*Birmingham News.*

Furnished or unfurnished, 5 room frame chicken house.—*Arcadia* (*Calif.*) *paper.*

Snakes Alive!—Carbondale, Ill.—Atop of a fifty-five-foot electric light snake threw parts of two States intopole and stretched itself across two darkness for a time Monday night, high tension wires. They said the snake crawled to theKentucky.—*Reno Gazette.*

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